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MAKING an automobile record and becoming a hero are exactly similar performances; all you have to do in each case is to endeavor to get yourself killed. If you fail in your endeavor you may break a record or you may become a hero; if you succeed in getting killed, oblivion and the undertaker get you.

The soothing occupation of doing all this was splendidly exemplified in the very earnest endeavor Mr. Barney Oldfield made to join the angels on the occasion of his recent successful onslaught upon the record list at the Empire City Track. That Mr. Oldfield did not succeed in winning a halo is the real reason for his brow being now bedecked with the victor's laurels. In all fairness to Mr. Oldfield, it must be said that none ever worked harder to get killed than he, and none owes so great a debt to Providence as he for his escape.

Certainly, none of the thousands of onlookers who found comfort in the grand stand or upon the well-kept lawns of Westchester's artistic speed haven had any complaint that the program Secretary Reeves had provided for their amusement did



THE IDOL AND THE IDEAL

with when the onlookers saw record after record go by the track side and "the fastest ever" credited to various men, machines and their performances. While, of course, Oldfield was the bright particular and most lurid star of the affair, still there were other stellar luminaries in the speed firmament who were by no means either eclipsed or eliminated, since in four out of five of the events upon the program new records were made. The truth to tell, before the day's racing was over, the public felt it was entitled to a record every time an event was started.

The final count showed the day's racing had resulted in a new set of figures from one mile to fifteen, inclusive, for the heavy type of touring car; from one to five miles, inclusive, for light cars weighing under 1,200 pounds in one race, and in another from six to ten miles, inclusive, had been made. The records from ten miles to fifteen had stood since 1901, when they were established by A. C. Bostwick.

It is doubtful if ever before in this country has so many and so expensive a lot of automobiles been brought together as attended this affair, 323 motor vehicles of almost as many different kinds and types being packed in front of and around the grand stand.

The belaboring of Father Time began promptly with the opening event, a five-mile affair confined to cars of less than 1,200 pounds in weight. Designer Wilkinson brought down from its birthplace in Syracuse a 10 H. P. Franklin with an air-cooled motor, which just romped home in 6 m. 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ s., the intermediate times being:

not give those who enjoyed it a full quota of thrills. It was a clean case of hold your breath from start to finish, even though, as seems to be the rule with automobile affairs, not a real race resulted from any of the events carded. While this was, of course, to be regretted, any possible disappointment was done away



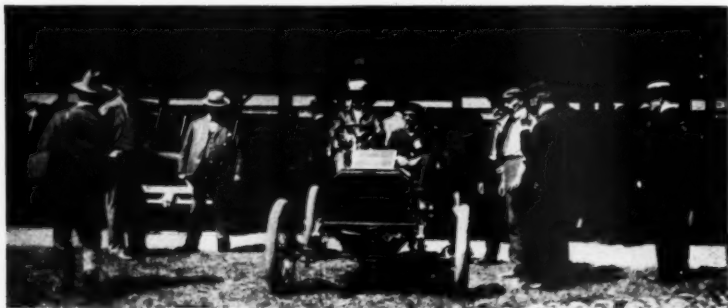


DRESSED UP FOR BUSINESS

1 m. 25s.; 2 m. 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.; 4 m. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 5 m. 30 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 6 m. 54 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. All new records for this class of machine.

The preliminary events in which the little vehicles showed they were eligible to the record-breaking class had whetted the public's appetite for speed, so when Oldfield appeared prepared to go for the mile record the occupants of the grand stand and the closely packed lawn gave the Detroiters noisy evidence that they were with him in spirit as well as person. Then when Oldfield, with a great rush and roar like unto a passing comet, tore along the stretch, ploughed around the first turn, flashed up the back stretch, skidded around the far turn and zipped past the howling, horn-hooting crowd of excited onlookers, everybody instinctively knew that they had seen a man





WAITING THE CALL TO THE TRACK

travel a mile faster than ever any other man had ever traveled one under similar conditions. When the judges hung out 55½ seconds as the time, then the riot of sound broke loose afresh.

Looking the part of a dare-devil to perfection, Oldfield started from the head of the stretch. Almost in an instant the big car, with its lone, bare-headed, red-jacketed occupant, seem to leap into its speed. Close to the outer rail it came at an awe-inspiring, earth-shaking gait, but of the absolute coolness of the hand and head that guided it no better proof was needed than the nonchalant way the driver removed one hand from the long bar he uses in place of a steering wheel and waving it in the air, signaled the officials that he would try for the record.

There was no time to think of much, to marvel at the daring of the man or to wonder why he kept to the outside of the track away from the pole before there came an exhibition of hair-raising daring and nerve and skill that explained it all. Hugging the



outer rail, Oldfield waited until he reached the beginning of the first turn, then, with all the power that was in him, he swung the long iron bar he steered with hard to the left. As the front wheels turned, in response to this sudden and tremendous work, the rear wheels slid sideways for a distance of forty or fifty feet, throwing up the dirt in a cloud that drove the spectators near the fence hurrying away, pell-mell. It was this exhibition of utter fearlessness and supreme control that caused the whole great crowd to gulp and gasp with a sound that blended into one long moan. Faces of men used to all sorts of foolhardy performances were



BEAUTIES AND THEIR BEAST

white-faced and breathless, while more than one woman covered her face and sank back into her seat, overcome by the utter recklessness of it all. The whole performance, though, was simply Oldfield's method of making the turn, that was all. He ran wide and turned in suddenly, instead of trying to hug the pole as closely as possible.

In the backstretch he did not turn up much dust, and as he flitted through it there were a few moments in which to estimate his speed, to admire and marvel at it. When he finished the mile, and the time of 55½ seconds was announced, there was a tremendous demonstration. The former record for the track, made by



PART OF THE PARKED

Oldfield on May 30, was 1 minute, $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. Fractional times were, first quarter 15 secs.; half-mile, 28 secs.; three-quarters, 41 secs. Best previous mile on a circular track, $56\frac{1}{2}$ secs., made by Oldfield at Columbus, Ohio, July 4, 1903.

When comparative silence had been restored an individual with a caliope voice trained a 30-inch megaphone on the grand stand and through it informed the occupants of the grand stand that Mr. Oldfield stood ready to race any man in the world on the road or on the track, and in Mr. Oldfield's readiness to do this the megaphoner declared that he did not bar users of Russian gasoline. Whereat the grandstanders applauded and laughed. While from a purely ethical standpoint this Oldfieldian proclamation savored much of the etiquette which prevails at the ringside, still, from a practical viewpoint, it must be the really correct method of procedure, since a few days later the papers announced that Oldfield would in future race for the makers of an automobile which not so long since suffered most severely from an experience with this same Russian gasoline.

The ten-mile race between J. Insley Blair's 10 H. P. Renault, driven by Joseph Tracey, and John Wilkinson's 10 H. P. Franklin, driven by its owner, was a lively contest all the way. For the first mile the cars kept close together. Then the Franklin, which won the first race, drew gradually away and ended by winning a second victory and adding five additional new records to its credit, by winning in 15 m. $50\frac{1}{2}$ s. Time by miles: 1 m. $27\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 2 m. $54\frac{1}{4}$ s.;

4 m. $23\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 5 m. 51 s.; 7 m. $25\frac{1}{2}$ s.; 9 m. $3\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 10 m. 43 s.; 12 m. $15\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 14 m. $48\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 15 m. $50\frac{1}{2}$ s. All records for this class from six to ten miles, inclusive.

The three-cornered race between a Mercedes, which, it was said, was an exact duplicate of the one Jenatzy drove to victory in Ireland, the Decauville that was in the Paris-Madrid race and the Peerless that Mooers drove in the Irish cup race was close for three-quarters of a mile. Then the Mercedes began slowly to draw



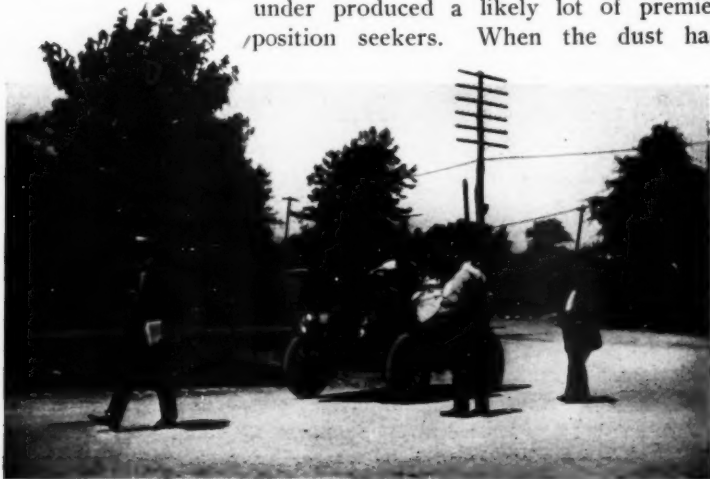
AT CLOSE QUARTERS

away from the Decauville. At five miles the Mercedes was leading by 200 yards and had made a new record of 5 minutes $28\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, beating Oldfield's record of 5 minutes 31 seconds, made May 30. At ten miles the pride of Germany had a lead of a third of a mile, and after that the race was never in doubt, the Faderlander winning, pulled up in 16 m. $10\frac{1}{2}$ s. Time by miles: 1 m. $10\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 2 m. $14\frac{1}{4}$ s.; 3 m. $19\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 4 m. $23\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 5 m. $28\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 6 m. $33\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 7 m. $38\frac{1}{4}$ s.; 8 m. $43\frac{1}{2}$ s.; 9 m. $47\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 10 m. $51\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 11 m. 56 s.; 12 m. $59\frac{1}{4}$ s.; 14 m. $3\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 15 m. $7\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 16 m. $10\frac{1}{4}$ s.

World's record from eleven to fifteen miles, inclusive. Former record for fifteen miles, Fournier's, 19 m. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

In the match between Oldfield and La Roche for once the expected happened, and Oldfield's 80 H. P. vehicle easily defeated La Roche's Darracq with only 35 H. P., a thing which, according to all the laws of mathematics, it should have done. A false start and an accident to Oldfield's machine resulted in the start being made from opposite sides of the track only on the third attempt, and then from a standstill. The record holder began at once to eat up the distance that separated him from his competitor, and incidentally to the eating to make new records from a standing start. Oldfield led at the end of the first mile by two furlongs; at the second by four furlongs; he caught and passed La Roche in the fourth mile and won as he pleased by about a mile. In the second heat he gained steadily and won by a mile and a quarter, after reeling off the second mile in 57 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, the third in 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, the fourth in 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds and the fifth in 58 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. His time for the five miles of 4 minutes and 55 seconds being a new competitive record, but against time his record for five miles with a flying start is 4 minutes 54 seconds, made on July 4 at Columbus. Oldfield's time by miles in first heat: 1 m. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 2 m. 12 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.; 3 m. 12 $\frac{2}{5}$ s.; 4 m. 11 s.; 5 m. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. Second heat—Oldfield's time by miles: 1 m. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 2 m.; 2 m. 58 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.; 3 m. 56 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.; 4 m. 55 s.

Limiting the weight to vehicles weighing 1,800 pounds and under produced a likely lot of premier position seekers. When the dust had



cleared away at the finish the winner was the 40 H. P. Darracq driven by Sincholle. J. R. Chisholm's 40 H. P. Decauville, driven by H. Page, was second; George Papillon's 35 H. P. Darracq, third; J. I. Blair's 35 H. P. Panhard, driven by Joseph Tracey, fourth. Time, 10 minutes 52½ seconds. Time by miles: 1 m. 13½ s.; 2 m. 17½ s.; 3 m. 21½ s.; 4 m. 25½ s.; 5 m. 29 s.; 6 m. 32½ s.; 7 m. 37½ s.; 8 m. 41½ s.; 9 m. 47 s.; 10 m. 52½ s. All records for cars of this class.



CLERK OF THE COURSE

In the event open to any cars except the matched Oldfield and La Roche ones, four entries faced the starter. On paper it looked like a close finish was certain to result. In the third mile Sincholle opened up a big lead and held it until the sixth mile, when a dyspeptic tire put an end to Sincholle supremacy. Page took J. R. Chisholm's 40 H. P. Decauville to the front upon Sincholle's relinquishment of leading honors, and held premier position until he landed a winner of the event in 16 m. 39½ s., despite the handicap of doing the last nine miles of the race on a tire which was literally cut to ribbons.

Time trials for a mile with the following results closed a day replete with excitement and a series of unusually spectacular speedwork. M. C. Herman, 70 H. P. Panhard, 1 m. 5½ s.; Jules Sincholle, 35 H. P. Darracq, 1 m. 15½ s.; John Wilkinson, 10 H. P. Franklin, 1 m. 20½ s.; O. W. Bright, 60 H. P. Mercedes, 1 m. 3½ s.; C. G. Wridgley, 80 H. P. Peerless, 1 m. 9 s.; H. Page, 40 H. P. Decauville, 1 m. 7½ s.



Gummed Piston Rings and Compression

By Albert Stritmatter

IT is an excellent thing for the purchaser of an explosive, motored automobile to become as familiar as possible with the various parts thereof. He should do this, not only because it is a wise thing, as a matter of principle, to become well acquainted with the machine, but also because knowledge will enable him to notice promptly any failure of the parts to remain in proper adjustment.

There are entirely too many operators who think an automobile is all right till it breaks down or stops, and then they sit down and wonder how it came to happen so suddenly and without warning. The efficient operator, however, endeavors to prevent troubles, rather than wait till they overtake him, as likely as not out in the country miles from any place where he can procure the tools or assistance necessary for a remedy. Do not make the mistake of thinking that it is necessary, with a good machine, to be always worrying about accidents that may never happen; but the prudent operator will keep a vehicle in correct adjustment all the time, to do which he realizes that a thorough knowledge of all parts of the machine is necessary in order that he may give it the required attention, with a minimum expenditure of time and energy.

One of the things about a gasoline motor which causes considerable trouble to the novice and the experienced automobilist alike, is the compression. Compression is, in some respects, so elusive and intangible that it slips away here and there, and the automobilist may have a hard time restraining it. But if compression is intangible, the parts of the motor which are expected to produce it are not, and these may be examined, tested and adjusted with comparatively little difficulty, unless the motor is badly worn.

A prime essential for good compression is a set of piston rings, which expand nicely in the cylinder, and form a good, airtight joint between the piston and cylinder. When considerable wear occurs in the cylinder, on the piston or the rings, the compression is not good and new parts may be required. In some cases, however, the difficulty may be due to a very simple error on the part of the operator—that of furnishing too much lubricating oil, or a poor grade of oil, to the cylinder. In case the car-

bureter is not throttled properly and gives the motor too much gasoline, the same result may be produced, or the three causes may exist together and thereby increase the difficulty or cause it where only one alone would have had no material effect.

In any event, the feeding of too much lubricating oil, or too much gasoline, results in a deposit of carbon in the cylinder. If too much fuel is fed, this deposit is due to the imperfect combustion which takes place, producing among other things a smoky exhaust. If over-lubrication is the cause, the excess oil gradually works into the combustion chamber, and is burned by the intense heat of the explosion. A poor grade of lubricating oil cannot stand the excessive heat and burns. Not only does this carbon deposit on the sparking points, but it mixes with the lubricating oil, forming a sticky, gummy oil, which collects in the piston grooves. When the motor cools this becomes all the more gummy, and it binds the piston rings in their grooves, preventing them from springing out and making a tight connection with the cylinder.

The remedy for such a condition of affairs is, of course, to throttle the gasoline to the proper point, reduce the quantity of lubricating oil fed, or the securing of a proper quality of lubricating oil, depending, of course, on which cause is responsible for the difficulty. In any event the piston should be taken out of the cylinder as soon as possible, and the rings loosened up by an application of gasoline or kerosene. After cleaning the rings, grooves, piston and cylinder of all deposits, the motor may be put together again, and the compression will be found to be all right, providing the difficulty was not due to some other cause than the piston rings being gummed and stuck in their grooves.



The Speed Maniac

Louise Esmonds

One more enthusiast
Covered with dust,
See him go scorching past—
"Get there or bust!"
Look at the face on him;
One might suppose
Old Nick was chasin' him
On as he goes.

Look at the goggles he
Wears as he zips;
See how he joggles; he
Sways and he flips
Round the sharp corners and
Scorns all his scorners and
Spurts and jumps,
Knocking dogs silly
And keeping on till he
Runs down or else bumps.

Has he a father,
Has he a mother?
Has he a sister,
Has he a brother?
If so, why don't they do
Something to bring him to
See what a donkey he
Is, what a monkey he
Looks like up there
On that old rattle-trap,
Splitting the air.

A Sensationalist

"What were your sensations?" asked the reporter of the racing man whose vehicle had left the road and struck a tree.

"Well," answered the man who might have won, "I thought for a minute that Mars and the earth had come together while going at the rate of 60,000,000 miles a second, and that some one on Jupiter had foolishly tried to avert the collision by thrusting 85,000,000,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine between them."



The Triumphant Runabout

YOU can no more judge the capabilities of an automobile by its size than you can arrive at those of a man by applying any rule of measurement. So it has come to pass that while the big fellows have been ploughing their varied ways across the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic, the plucky little Oldsmobile runabout, which has not heretofore been seriously thought of as a long-distance touring vehicle, has ploughed its way successfully eastward. Trans-continentalizing is by no means child's play, nor can it, by the greatest possible stretch of imagination be confused with picnicking. To overcome the almost insuperable obstacles which beset the way across the continent, tourists call for the highest possible qualities of endurance and strength, not only on the part of the vehicle, but of those who drive it as well. That the Olds' creation and its occupants are both well supplied with these essentials for success, the accompanying illustrations afford most convincing proof, when the runabout declared it was in no wise incapable of successfully accomplishing the feat of traveling from San Francisco to New York. Most people were inclined to regard the declaration as one which was not intended to be taken



ROUNDING A ROCKY CORNER



NOTHING TO WATCH BUT THE "ROAD"

seriously. When the trip was fairly under way the doubters first refused to consider it seriously, then they were forced to so regard it, and now that there are no longer any doubters, the army of praise bestowers has become something phenomenal. The amount of good such a performance on the part of one of the smallest of automobiles does the motor vehicle industry is beyond calculation, and those responsible for it are entitled to the gratitude of every owner, maker, user or seller of an automobile in the land.

Another Long-Felt Want

"I have here," said the long-haired theorist as he was ushered into the presence of the automobile manufacturing magnate, "plans for a device that will warn the scorcher when any one is crossing his track."

"Can't use it," replied the busy millionaire. "What we want is something that will warn the person who is crossing the track when the rapidly moving motorist happens along that way."

Not Eligible

"What did they blackball Fergus for in the Scorcher's Club?"

"He couldn't prove he had ever run over any one."

"The Wizard" and I

By William J. Morgan

THE world of mechanical traction has received further evidence that the Edison press agent is still alive and doing business at the old stand. He began his career months and months ago by announcing that Mr. Edison would invent a battery that would go speeding down the ages and hills faster than the winner of the Gordon Bennett race ever dreamed of going. Naturally this statement aroused an expectancy almost as great as the ripening of cherries does to the small boy, who watches them carefully for the arrival of their edible time.

Pleased by the rumpus he kicked up the press agent then played his trump card by announcing that the battery would be cheaper by far than anything of the kind ever placed on the market, and that as a result the day laborer would henceforth proceed to his work in an Edison battered vehicle. At once a great void was filled and many laborers selected lots out in the country on which to build themselves houses, to and from which they would rapidly, safely and cheaply travel in a going-to-be Edison automobile. This play of the jocular press jollier caused many people to keep a tight grip on their pocket books while declaring with emphasis that no electric vehicle manufacturer would get any \$750 to \$1,500 of theirs or anyone else's money when they could buy an Edison automobile for one-fourth of those figures. In the meanwhile they would wait for Edison. They waited; they are waiting yet, and were still waiting when the cruel press agent once more waived his red flag; but this time he short circuited his promisory battery and came out with an absolute statement that the great Edison battery was now ready and would be greater and better and last longer and look pleasanter than any other battery that ever boiled; but he added something (which acted like an electric shock on those who had been so patiently waiting) when he concluded with the further statement that the battery would not be a cheap one. Then he gave the figures per horse power which at once proved the Edison battery would be dearer than any other.

It may be that Mr. Edison and his assistants have found they could not make a cheap battery, in fact, Mr. Edison has never been known for inventions wherein cheapness was their greatest claim, so press reports may not be charged up to Mr. Edison in

that one particular. In any event, however, Mr. Edison, or some one near him, is certainly the champion press worker of the day, and I have not the slightest hesitation in awarding whoever it is of the championship in this line. Thomas A. Edison has received and to-day receives more free advertising than any other man in the world, Sir Thomas Lipton not excepted.

Making a storage battery is not quite as easy as Mr. Edison's press agent would have us believe, since it is now three years since that precious Edison battery was promised us by the press agent and yet where is it to-day? Less than two years ago I interviewed Mr. Edison and was told that the battery would certainly be ready in about two months. Last week, having recovered from the Gordon Bennett races, I went over to West Orange taking with me a long newspaper article which purported to give an account of the Edison "invention." The article was headed "Auto-Battery cannot break. Edison says his invention now perfected will stand all rough usage. Commercial success sure." That looked so much like real business I sailed up to the Edison laboratory and was soon anchored in the outside office. After a little delay I was piloted in to the great inventor, who was as genial and as entertaining as ever, and in this respect Mr. Edison can give not a few pointers to people of less note.

The newspaper article I had brought along said, among other things, that the Edison battery would be a commercial success and practicable for automobiles from every standpoint, and went on to quote Mr. Edison as having said:

"We brought our battery to perfection, and now it's up to the automobile manufacturers to build a strong machine—that won't break down. That's the trouble with these blamed automobiles. They're lots of fun to ride in, but when you go out in the country and get stranded six or seven times the fun all goes out of it. Now we have a battery here that will stand all the tests you can pile on it. And to show you we did a set of batteries up in the case we pack them in when they are fitted to an automobile and then I got some of my boys to throw 'em out of the second-story window half a dozen times; and then we unpacked them and it never touched 'em."

Mr. Edison acknowledged the paternity of the above and was enthusiastic over the construction of the Mors and Panhard machines, and talked very entertainingly of construction in gen-

eral, having gained his knowledge thereof from visits to Paris and from taking apart and studying the leading French machines at his laboratory here. Mr. Edison told me he does not believe in frictionless bearings and points to the fact that the leading foreign makes have discarded ball and roller bearings. He says that the good such bearings do is offset by the trouble they create. Mr. Edison also said that it was a mistake for automobile manufacturers to use steel in the vital parts of their machines in place of the best grade of Norway iron, such as he said was used in the



MR. EDISON ON A TRIAL TRIP

Panhard and the Mors. The best grade of such iron costs more, Mr. Edison admitted, but in the long run it is cheaper than steel. In fact Mr. Edison thought the construction of the present American automobile can be vastly improved upon.

I tried several times to get Mr. Edison back to batteries, but I was not entirely successful, though finally Mr. Edison admitted that he believed he could make better time with an electric vehicle (fitted with his battery, of course), than could be made with

a gasolene machine in a run from New York to Chicago, particularly if the vehicle was fitted with a wonderful gear multiplier which he is getting out. Mr. Edison said this gear multiplier will make the running of an automobile through sand and mud an easy matter, in fact, he said he has great hopes that this gear will be as successful as his battery. I looked closely at the great inventor when he said this, but could detect no evidence that he intended this remark ironically.

Then the conversation shifted to tires and Mr. Edison said those on the right hand side of a vehicle showed signs of wear quicker than did those on the vehicle's left side: "I noticed that the right hand tires showed twice the amount of wear that the tires on the left hand side did, and after closely observing many drivers with whom I rode I came to the conclusion that this uneven wear was owing to the fact that the driver and his wheel are both on the right hand side, and it is habit—or something else—which causes the driver to keep the vehicle with its right side a little off the crown of the road, and onto the rough going on the right hand road side. I went into several storage stations and found that in most every one of them the machines stored showed more tire wear on the right side than they did on the left."

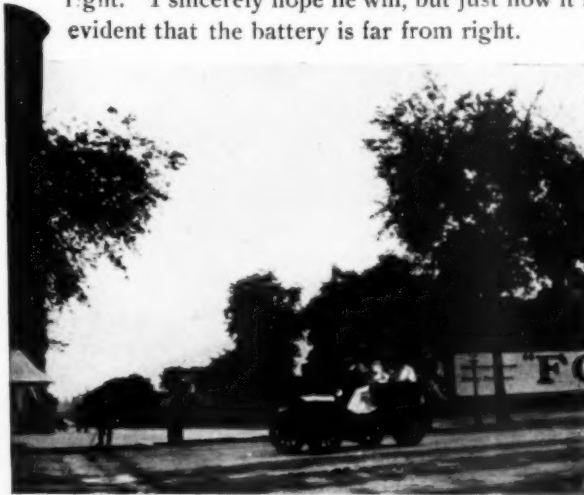
Mr. Edison told me that he thinks foreign built vehicles, especially the Mors and the Panhard, are more accurately balanced and are easier riding than our own. For this he thinks the replacement of the stright by the elliptical springs is largely responsible. Mr. Edison believes in the chain drive and predicts that hotels of any pretention will in the near future have to be equipped with charging stations, carry automobile supplies and be prepared to make minor repairs.

Speaking of President Roosevelt and his apparent lack of interest in the automobile, Mr. Edison predicts that the President will yet own an automobile, and further Mr. Edison says if the President ever gets the fever he will want not less than 150 horse power in any vehicle he drives.

Finally, Mr. Edison spoke of the radius of his battery and said that an ordinary 10 horse power Edison battery would probably drive a vehicle an average of 80 miles with one charge, while the battery would be practically indestructible and would last longer than any other now in use. A 10 horse power Edison battery would for the present cost \$600. Four cells are required per

horse power and 21 cells are installed in the ordinary runabout, while 38 cells will, Mr. Edison says, drive a vehicle weighing one ton 60 miles, or a delivery wagon weighing two tons will be driven 36 miles from one charge of a battery of 36 cells.

After getting all this information and I was preparing to leave, I saw a small runabout entering the Edison yard. The runabout was towing an electric vehicle fitted with Edison batteries which had gone dead on the road. Turning to Mr. Edison I asked him what was the matter. After some testing of the cells Mr. Edison informed me that he thought the battery was short circuited. As near as I could judge no one seemed to know at least not for publication, just what the matter was, so I had to leave possessed with serious misgivings as to the Edison battery being all that the daily papers had cracked it up to be. In fact, if my opinion is of any value I am free to say that I have very grave doubts if the Edison battery is going to be anything like the revolutionizer of the present form of batteries Edison's admirers have predicted it would be. It is to be hoped in the meantime that no one will hesitate about buying an electric vehicle through any idea that the Edison battery is going to be the wonder worker the uninformed press prophets have told us it would be. Mr. Edison may yet get that much heralded battery of his all right. I sincerely hope he will, but just now it is quite evident that the battery is far from right.



Two Matrons and a Motor Escapade

By Minnie Mackenzie

"**T**WENTY-FIVE dollars!" gasped Mrs. Graham. "Why, that would buy all of Freddy's winter clothes!"

Mrs. Van Dusen looked sternly at her vis-à-vis.

"Now, see here, Kate Graham, we've been saving for this automobile spree all summer, and now just because the inevitable question of winter clothes comes up, you're backing out."

Mrs. Graham smiled, cheerily.

"No; we'll see how people who have plenty of money enjoy themselves—or die. Where do we go and what shall you wear?"

"To Sheepshead Bay by automobile and back to Claremont for dinner," was the prompt response. "And I shall wear my new foulard shirt waist suit and the ribbon boa Jack gave me on my birthday."

"And I'll wear my embroidered linen. It is the most expensive thing I own."

* * * * *

Saturday afternoon two groups of children watched, with bated breath, their respective mammas climb into the waiting touring car. Mrs. Graham turned for a final word of warning:—

"Esther, don't let little Freddy have more than one piece of pie for dinner, and—and—goodby."

"Well," said Mrs. Van Dusen, as they whirled down Central Park West, "what did your husband say when you told him?"

"Just laughed, and said he hoped we wouldn't run up against any boundaries. What are they?"

Mrs. Van Dusen gave a little gasp before answering. They had come within an ace of running down a youthful cyclist.

"I don't know, but doubtless we'll find out at Sheepshead."

The chauffeur had not consulted them regarding the route, and amidstream on the Twenty-third street ferryboat Mrs. Graham turned suddenly to her companion:

"Why didn't he take us by the Bridge? If this machine should start up when he wasn't watching, we would go through the gates, straight into the river."

"My dear!" ejaculated Mrs. Van Dusen, who was enjoying the view, "hundreds of machines cross this ferry daily."

"Yes, but they don't all carry women who are squandering money they ought to spend on winter"—

"Kate Graham, if you say 'winter clothes' again on this trip, we turn right back, no matter how far we have gone."

Reaching the race track, they found that admission to the grand stand was two dollars, instead of the one upon which they had reckoned.

"Just like shopping," murmured Mrs. Graham. "It always mounts up to more than you figure at home."

Mrs. Van Dusen ignored the plebeian suggestion and handed the chauffeur a five-dollar bill.

"We'll make it up on our bets," she whispered optimistically. Then she caught sight of scores of people watching the race-track from the vantage point of their automobiles, but she was too proud to ask the chauffeur to have their ticket money refunded.

They placed their small bets with many blushes and guilty looks and were surprised to see that no one noticed them in the least. Everybody else was busy studying charts and talking horse. On the finish of the big race, they stood up and cheered with the rest of the throng, forgetting even their best raiment. Mrs. Graham's lace edged handkerchief was trampled under foot and her white kid gloves gathered printer's ink from the program crumpled in her trembling hand. But the favorite won and they got back the admission to the grand stand. Their chauffeur had done even better—though they did not know this—and they went back to town at a pace which was strictly anti-Bailey in its swiftness.

While they were flying up Riverside Drive they caught sight of two children, their noses flattened against the window pane. Their mother was drawing the curtains behind them. Mrs. Graham felt something rise in her throat.



"Don't you think we had best have him drop us off at home? We can see Claremont some other time."

Mrs. Van Dusen glanced critically at her companion and spoke with the air of a prophet:

"We'll do Claremont now or never. Set your hat a trifle to the right and rub your gloves with my chamois. Oh, I am nearly starved!"

"So am I," acquiesced Mrs. Graham, "but \$8 to relieve mere hunger seems rather high."

"It is not mere hunger, Kate. We are seeing real life."

The porch lights of Claremont twinkled above them. The chauffeur was putting on the brake after shutting off power. Some people seated near the head of the steps stopped eating to stare at them.

"Oh, Carrie," murmured Mrs. Graham, keenly conscious of her disreputable gloves and the fact that she had no handkerchief, "suppose they refuse to serve us—when—when there is no man with us?"

"That is all right, at this hour," was Mrs. Van Dusen's brave reply. Yet her heart beat hard and fast as she studied the menu card. Selecting this dinner was a different proposition from the twenty-nine-cent luncheon menu at Stacey's. This accomplished, they plucked up courage to look about them. Oh, that love of a blue crêpe de Chine, just opposite them, with a boa of chiffon cunningly caught with forget-me-nots! And just beyond, a dashing brunette in black chiffon, with a skirt yoke of spangles! A dainty Watteau figure tripped by, radiant in white lace over silk, her picture hat quivering with white plumes.

Mrs. Graham looked half humorously, half despairingly from her embroidered linen to her friend's foulard.

"I have always thought that the fashions in the Sunday papers were feminine fairy tales, but these are the clothes one reads about."

They finished their dinner in what they realized was an unfashionably short time. Every one else seemed to have some reason for lingering. Women were fluttering from table to table for a chat with friends, glasses clinked, music tinkled and men leaned back for a leisurely smoke. These two lone women watched it all with troubled, furtive glances.

They were back in the automobile at last.

"I wonder if they were all actresses?" inquired Mrs. Graham. "I never saw such clothes off the stage."

"Dear, no," snapped her friend, rather crossly. "There are many women who do not consider a foulard dress the *pièce de résistance* of their wardrobe."

Mrs. Graham leaned back with a happy sigh.

"Well, those people seem to be having a beautiful time, but I'd hate to be away from Freddy three hours every night for dinner. He'd be sure to overeat, and his stomach is so weak. Gracious! What's the matter?"

The vehicle had bounded forward like a kite released from boyish fingers. On, on it went. The kite was before a tempest now. The two women clasped each other by the hand. Apartment houses and street lamps flew by them like telegraph poles before an express train.

"Carrie," cried Mrs. Graham, a sob in her voice. "I wonder if it will just run into something or turn a somersault."

Mrs. Van Dusen was white lipped.

"Let's jump."

"No, no!" gasped Mrs. Graham, holding her fast. "Oh, why did we want to see real life, anyhow? I never was meant for anything but a home body. If the good Lord will forgive us this piece of folly"—

Just then something very big, very red and very strenuous dashed past them. Both women screamed. In front, the chauffeur hurled anathemas after the flying object. Their own vehicle slowed down to a respectable pace. They were almost home. One more turn, two blocks over, and there was the familiar flat house.

Then they settled with the chauffeur. Mrs. Graham for the first time took the initiative.

"Were you racing?" she demanded severely.

The chauffeur grinned sheepishly.

"Well—that young dude—he thought he was it—and"—

* * * * *

Mrs. Graham stood in her nursery. She had just passed from bed to bed, making sure that each small sleeper was in good form for a night's rest. Her hat still sat her pretty blonde hair at a rakish angle. Her ruined gloves lay on the sewing table beside a crumpled program. Her husband was watching her with laughing eyes.

"Never mind, Kate; it might have been worse."

"How?"

"You two girls might have been arrested for scorching."

Climbing Up the Hill

James Penrose Percival

Happy-Go-Lucky and Faint-of-Heart
Set off on a tour with Only-Try;
And each was ready to do his part,
While the sunny hours went merrily by.
But when the shadows were growing long,
And the crickets chirping their evensong,
Up rose like a barrier mighty strong
A rocky hillside nigh.

Said Happy-go-Lucky, "Suppose we wait,
Till we see if around it we cannot ride?"
"We shall break our necks if we climb so late!"
Poor Faint-of-Heart, in a panic, cried.
But Only-Try, with a resolute eye,
Looked up at the hill and the sunset sky.
"There is plenty of time," said Only-Try,
"And the moon is full, besides."

So Only-Try, without stay or stop,
Went rolling up over rock and root,
Till he stood at last on the hill's green top,
In a beautiful clearing with flowers and fruit.
But the other two are waiting still,
For nobody lives, or ever will,
That can reach the top of the smallest hill
By standing down at the foot!

Working Hercules.

Hercules, having cleaned the Augean stables, asked the King for his day's pay. But when offered silver he refused it, demanding gold. "For it is only right," he argued, "that my reward should be in stable currency."

Eurystheus ground his teeth at this witticism and wished that he had given him the job of cleaning the Augean automobile instead. However, he got even by giving seven more tasks to the hero.

From the Mouth of Babes

Teacher—What is a pedestrian?

Johnny Small—A man that gets run over by a scorcher.



The Tour of the Lammergeier—Part VII

By Ned Willson

(Begun in March Issue.)

THE stone fort proved to be more in the nature of a corral, being simply an enclosing wall of shale, piled up sod-house fashion, without binding material. Embrasures distributed unevenly, served the archers, while at each corner rose a tower some ten feet in height which gave the sentinels an unobstructed view of the entire plateau. A large spring bubbled from under a rock near the edge of the cliff, against which the fort was built and a cave at the right of the spring served as a storehouse for food supplies, so that the fort was amply fitted to withstand a prolonged siege.

We ran the Lammergeier alongside the wall and found that there was not sufficient room inside to make a safe landing. The plateau alone gave opportunity for a sufficient run to enable the machine to rise from the ground, and even this was on a course that was none too smooth for the purpose. For some time we were at a loss what to do with the machine while at the same time occupying the fort. Finally we decided to leave the machine under the lee of the wall, which was the least likely to be attacked, and where at the same time it could easily be observed from the north tower. The Maxim guns and rifles we carried into the fort, and the former were so ensconced in embrasures that they had full command of the plateau.

Our occupation of the fort was chiefly at Whitely's suggestion, as he was certain that the natives would be awed for a time only and in the end would not hesitate to attack, once they had fully recovered from their first fright. The people, he said, were

evidently close relatives of the Havasupais, residing in the canyon of the Colorado, but unlike the Colorado Havasupais, these were of a warlike disposition and sun worshippers. Having no other tribe to fight with they practiced upon each other, the tribe being nearly always divided into factions each under its own "Kohot," or chief. When Whitely arrived on the scene in the balloon he had been hailed as a god from the region of the sun by the sub-tribe, in whose territory he had landed and he was at once set up as Kohot to succeed an old chief who had been killed that morning. The tribe, immediately upon Whitely's adoption, set out to vanquish their opponents, having every confidence that in their laudable ambition to do this they were to be led by a god and could not therefore possibly meet with defeat. Whitely had abundance of ammunition and three good revolvers, so that by careful generalship he was able to win a decisive battle, with the result that he was thereupon proclaimed Kohot of the entire valley. He ruled in peace for nearly a year, but some two weeks before our arrival he had refused to take part in a yearly religious ceremony which included a human sacrifice. This had so angered the natives that they were easily persuaded by their medicine man that Bob was an imposter. Led by the former chief of the conquered tribe, the malcontents determined to make Whitely the object of the very sacrifice he had refused to sanction. He was warned by a faithful "Kohot-kedje," or sub-chief, and with him escaped to the cliff cave where we found him. "Kochopa," his ally, had fallen in the first onslaught upon the cave, his breast pierced by a poisoned arrow, and for eight days Bob had held the fort alone. Our arrival was not a moment too soon, as he had been without provisions for three days when we found him.

"To-morrow is the day of the sacrifice, and if no victim is then found they will think that the wrath of the sun-god will come upon them and destroy the valley. Whatever fear they may have of you, their terror of the sun-god will overcome it and we may expect an attack, if not this afternoon, at least to-night. We must keep out of sight and not allow ourselves to be struck with an arrow, since the slightest scratch from the poisoned flint with which they are tipped will mean certain death." It was Whitely, of course, who spoke, and the description he had given us already of the death of his sub-chief was convincing as to the claims he made of effects of the poisoned arrows. Turning to Archie, I said:

"My dear Burton, don't you think that discretion is the better

part of valor, and that we had best leave the conquest of the valley until we can come with a stronger force?"

"I have often longed to see a pre-historic battle and again to try the virtue of the Maxim in an actual contest. As to the matter of numbers our automatics are equal to a force of fifty men each. With suitable shields we have very little to fear from poisoned arrows. Let us not think of escaping but make every preparation to meet any possible form of attack. For instance, we may be attacked from the cliff. Is there any chance of that, Bob?" asked Archie.

"None whatever," was Bob's reply. "The natives are not fools and they cut off every chance of a cliff attack when they built the fort. There is but one possible point of attack and that is from the glade in front and at the sides."

Just at this moment there was a peculiar buzz, as if a swift-flying beetle had passed close to my ear. But the sound was so familiar from long sojourn on the plains that I jumped aside instinctively, for it was the b-r-r of a rattlesnake. Then I turned to see Whitely picking up an arrow from the sod in the center of the inclosure. Tied to the arrow by a thread-like thong was a snake rattle with ten buttons. The arrow itself was not pointed but headed with a burnt piece of common shale.

"It means surrender or fight," explained Bob. "The blunt arrow means peace on certain conditions, and the rattle a warning of what will follow if no surrender is made."

Just as I turned to look down the valley I heard the crack of a rifle at my side, and saw an Indian tumble headlong into the brush at the right. Archie had opened the battle.

"Stop," cried Bob, "I know their tactics. They will gather at opposite sides of the glade and then rush us from two points at once. Let us hold our fire and then at them with the Maxims when they appear."

"Excellent," we all of us cried in a breath at once by mutual consent, making Bob the commander. Archie took the right hand gun at the north tower and I took charge of the left hand gun at the west tower. Each gun was ready with a belt in place, holding the usual 333 cartridges, which could be run through in about forty seconds. The steel-clad bullets and smokeless powder gave us every modern advantage. Soon from the farther end of the glade came a cry half sung, half shouted. As nearly as it can be written it was: "Ki-yeh, ki-yah, ki-yah, ki-yeh!"

Archie and I crouched at the sound as if to fire. But Bob

stopped us again. "Never mind the bottom of the glade," he warned us. "That cry is but a blind. When you hear them shout 'Yo, Yo, Yih, Yih!' they are coming. Watch the sides of the glade."

A moment of silence and the tension of waiting and then a scream simultaneously from both sides of the open ground, a rapid succession of cries that seemed all to run together much like the war-cry of the Indians of the plains, and two parties of at least 150 men each sprang from cover. Immediately they let fly a shower of arrows almost straight up in the air so that they would fall close up to the wall. So good was their aim that had it not been for stone shields we had placed over us we would certainly have been hit. The enemy were scarcely 50 yards from the fort when they let fly their arrows and immediately closed in upon us brandishing clubs and short axes. They were painted and masked and looked much like characters from some grotesque picture of the inferno.

But there was little time for observation. They had advanced but two rods when Whitely cried: "Now, boys, fire!" And the Maxims, swinging free, so that they could be turned at any angle, began their deadly work. It was like nothing so much as a mower in a wheat field. The steel-clad bullets were capable of passing through four men or more. Some natives seemed to be lifted clear off their feet, others tumbled over backward and rolled into balls; perhaps a half dozen stumbled blindly forward even to the walls of the fort. But of the full 300 comprising the attacking parties, not twenty were missed, and these fled in terror to the brush.

Bob, who had been watching Archie, asked me afterward how many were left from the party I had shot, and when I told him that but nine or ten escaped, he exclaimed:

"Great Scott! That leaves but about 100 men in the valley. They will attack us at night now, so that we may as well be ready for them. They have stored a quantity of dry wood in the cave and we had better prepare a beacon for each of the watch towers, so that we can light them at a moment's notice.

Fortunately we found in the cave just what was needed, a store of pine knots fat with pitch. From the tanks of the Lammergeier we took gasoline and prepared cloths so that we could saturate them with the fuel and throw them blazing on the piles of knots. An acetylene headlight came in for its share and served as a searchlight to watch the undergrowth at the edge of the glade.

Midnight passed before any signs of an attack were apparent.

The light played back and forth on the edges of the grassy plot and was now and then directed to the tree tops in order that we might find any archers among them. Twice we prepared to fire the beacons, but it was the death cry of one of the many wounded who were among the piles in front of us.

It seemed terribly inhuman to leave them there to die alone, but we dared not leave the enclosure and the natives made no attempt to approach us with a request for an armistice.

It was nearly two in the morning when we heard from the foot of the glade the song which had been the premonition of battle the day before. We lighted the beacons at once and in less than ten seconds the fat knots were blazing fiercely. The glade was empty when the light from the towers made it visible, save for a mongrel dog or wolf which was feasting on the dead. Quick as thought Harvey raised his rifle and shot the goul dead where he stood. Then at almost the same instant the top of the north beacon toppled and fell and scattered the blazing knots about the Lammergeier. Harvey had vaulted the wall in an instant and scattered the knots right and left, only to sink back sick and faint, pierced through with a poisoned arrow. Bob sprang to his side and dragged him back, barely missing a shower of arrows. But it was too late. Unpoisoned, the arrow had inflicted a mortal wound and we held him in our arms while he painfully wrote a farewell to his mother.

Not one of us but was almost blind with tears and only the repetition of the cry we had heard before brought us back to the danger that threatened, and we sprang again to our Maxims. There in the center of the glade stood an old man, gray and bent, naked, and with his hands upraised. His lack of dress and the position of his hands was to show us that he was unarmed and that he asked our protection. Whitely signalled to him to approach. He came and we helped him into the fort. He had come to ask peace for his children, he said. He had seen that we were not men without heart, as we had shot the dog which was desecrating the dead. Would we make peace? Whitely hastened to explain that we would, and then pointed to Harvey who was gasping on the ground at our feet. The destroyer of the dog, he told him, was the victim of one of their poisoned arrows. The old man flung himself upon Harvey and drew forth the arrow. Then frantically he placed his lips to the wound and strove to draw forth the poison. Rising soon he shook his head mournfully and began chanting the song of the dead. Then seizing a torch from the cave near by he signalled to his followers that peace

was declared and in the light of the burning pitch they began to gather up the wounded and lay the dead with their feet to the east to greet the rising sun.

Poor Harvey! We buried him at sunrise under the shadow of the fort and fired a salute from one of the Maxims over his grave.

It was only after the grave was covered and marked with a slab of shale that we thought again of the flying machine. Then we found that in spite of Harvey's attempt to save it, the tanks had caught fire and the machine was ruined beyond repair. That day and the next we helped the natives gather their dead, and for the sacrifice to the sun-god we persuaded them to build a large funeral pyre and burn the bodies of those who had fallen in battle. Whitely had traveled in the Orient and assured them that he knew the sun-god and that he would certainly be appeased by such a sacrifice. We found when we came to bury the dead natives that the work of the automatics had been most terrible. The dead numbered two hundred and the wounded sixty-six. Of the latter but seven died while the wounds of the others healed.

For a survey of the valley we had little heart left, and we began to plan our escape. By the dint of much diplomacy and with a promise to return before the year was out we finally obtained the assistance of the Kohot who had succeeded Whitely in command. He led us to the cave and at the further end we came upon a stream rushing along under ground. With Whitely acting as interpreter, the Kohot said:

"It is told in the traditions of our tribe that the great chief, Hokomata, now revered by the tribe as a god only second to the sun, once made the trip through the earth by way of this stream and finally landed in a valley deeper than the distance to the stars and moon. There he met a maiden more beautiful than the fairest flower and founded a brother tribe which has since dwelt in that far-off valley in peace and happiness. No one of our tribe has since found the courage to risk the journey. The voyage was made in a 'ku-u' (basket), fashioned from a hollow log, and made water-tight. If our friends who have vanquished our best warriors with their dread zi-ku-ku (Maxims) have courage to take the journey we will prepare the baskets even as they were prepared for 'Hokomata' and pray to the sun for ten days that they may have a safe voyage."

We accepted the offer with some misgivings, but as the only way of escape. However, we made the provision that the start of the journey should be made without spectators, giving as an excuse

that we wished to pray to our own gods in silence and alone before leaving.

Three days passed and then the three hollow logs were ready. They were carried to the innermost part of the cave and we were bidden farewell by the Kohot and his two sons. We were no sooner left alone than we set about making fast the covers to our strange craft and fitting them with slides which we could open occasionally for fresh air and observation. We had ourselves prepared a fourth log which we loaded with the guns and ammunition and sealed carefully. This latter craft we attached by means of a cord saturated with pitch to a rock at the side of the stream and to the cord attached a fuse made from paper and dampened gun powder so that it would not start for at least an hour after we did. Finally we shook hands and each of us was supplied with messages from the others to those at home.

At midnight Archie pulled the top of his canoe closed and disappeared; he was followed twenty minutes later by Whitely. At a quarter of one I lit the fuse that was to free the boat containing the guns and then with the aid of a pole shoved my boat into mid-stream and quickly fastened the cover. The rocking of the boat and lapping of the water against the rocks soon lulled me to sleep, and when I awoke the sun was shining through the thin bark which composed the cover of the canoe. I had scarcely opened my eyes when I heard Archie cry "Here he is!" and found that the log was being turned about. I pushed back the cover to find Archie and Bob with a ranchman hauling me to shore.

There is little more to tell. We had landed at Dotsero, a railroad station at the junction of the Eagle and the Grand rivers. Our ammunition boat came along on schedule time and we congratulated ourselves upon our escape. We will return to the valley as soon as Archie can build another flying machine, but the Tour of the Lammergeier was over.

THE END.

To Bailey

(Putative Father of New York's Automobile Law)

Acts of politicians still remind us,

We can all be asinine;

And, departing, leave behind us

Hoofprints on the sands of time.

An Easy Job

Vincent R. Samms

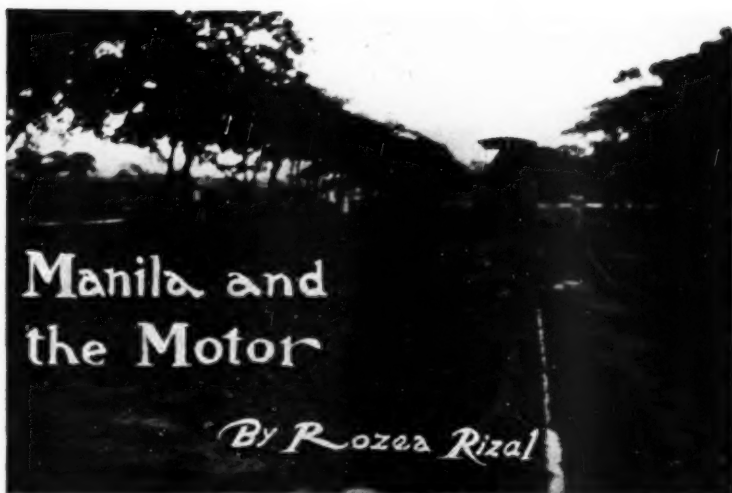
I like to sit and theorize
On automobile problems deep;
To muse with slowly drooping eyes
And think myself to sleep.
The rugged road to fame and pelf
Let men more strenuous try;
I'll manage to content myself
With telling "how" and "why."

I shall assume a manner wise,
But ne'er an effort make.
My task 'twill be to criticise
The designer man's mistake.
And when the maker is forgot,
My rank none shall deny;
For I shall always talk a lot
And tell them "how" and "why."

This folly subtle and intense
In automobiling appears;
Men won't believe their common sense
And yet believe their ears.
With phrases pompous and prolix,
I'll struggle to supply
The autoists' demand for golden bricks.
I'll tell 'em "how" and "why."

Saving a Complexion

The feminine automobilist is full of concern about her complexion. Her wind avoiding hat affords no protection from the sun's rays and the wind beats upon her face relentlessly. She is scorched and scarred by the elements. Before she sets forth let her anoint her face with cold cream, rubbing it well into her pores. With a soft cloth she should wipe this nearly off. Then she should apply a coating of powder and over all a light veil. The sun and wind cannot reach the skin through this make-up. When she returns from her ride she should wash it off in tepid water with soap, rinsing her face in clear cold water afterward and she need have no fear that her complexion has suffered in the least.



MANILA for generations had been content with the very slowest and the very crudest forms of transportation for passengers and freight. When the Americans arrived in the islands and proceeded to assume control of matters, they surprised the natives in nothing so much as when they began introducing modern vehicles, by means of which something approaching rapid traffic could be obtained.

Among the most modern of these modern carriages and wagons which arrived during the first few years of American administration, were motor carriages. The army officers set the example by importing automobiles, and the wealthy natives were not slow to follow. The result was that agencies were established for the sale of motor vehicles, so that to-day, there are in the City of Manila quite a number of automobiles skimming along over the streets to the still continued astonishment of the natives. In order to appreciate the change from the former types of traffic vehicles to the modern ones, it is perhaps well to understand some of the conditions of transportation as they formerly existed in Manila, and in fact as they practically exist here even now.

The slowest method of travel or transport one sees nowadays is the caribou rig, utilized since the beginning of things in the islands. The pace of this conveyance is about three miles per hour, when the beast and the owner are working in harmony, and



BICYCLES ARE POPULAR

upon which is perched the coop, made from slats, with the result that the combination looks like a rolling chicken coop. The lattice work forms the sides of the cart, which sides are usually from ten to twelve inches high. The cart is canvas or nipe covered, and proceeds recklessly along at an average speed of about five miles per hour. For the privilege of enjoying all this, as a passenger, the fare is usually ten cents for a few miles.

The next native conveyances, in order of their speed, are the Manila street cars. These are little two-pony affairs, making about five and one-half miles per hour, carrying 24 people at five cents each. There are only a very few of the cars running, and the trips are far between and uncertain. The cars are old and worn out.

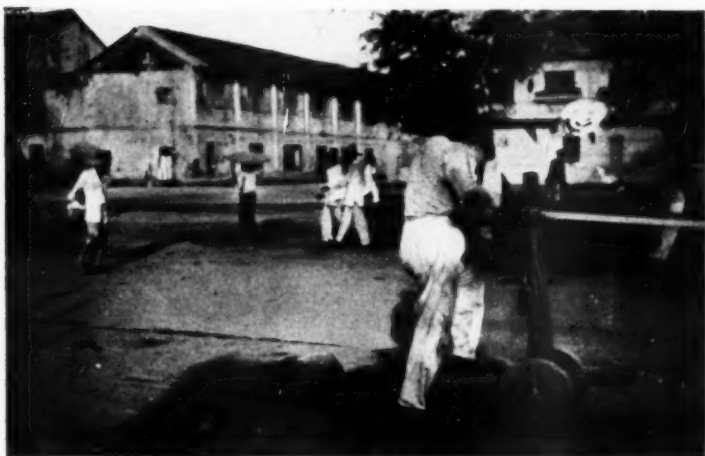
The quizles are the most popular vehicles, and the drivers of them usually have fast ponies to draw them. A quizle will yank you along at a speed of from six to ten miles per hour, at an expense to you

each trying all he knows how to make a record. These carts predominate in the main streets and even along the drives of the Luneta. In fact, these conveyances cannot be dispensed with. The caribou is a faithful animal, who is capable of hauling great loads, but for speed purposes he is as useless as a three-legged table.

Next in order of rapid motion and prominence in Manila equipages, are the hundreds of so-called "chicken-coop" carts, constructed with two wheels,



CHICKEN COOP CART



A NATIVE MADE COASTING VEHICLE

of twenty cents United States currency for the first hour, and fifteen cents for all additional ones. The carriages are two-wheeled and covered, and Americans here use this style of public conveyance almost entirely.

There are not as many bicycles in Manila as one might expect to find. However, there is a goodly sprinkling of them among the soldiers and the Spanish. The Filipino boys also take very kindly to the wheel, when they can get one. There are several rather extensive bicycle agencies here which seem to do quite



ONLY A FEW OF THESE



NATIVE BRIDGES ARE RICKETY

use on the Luneta for purposes of amusement only.

The wealthy Spaniard and Filipino are each noted for their willingness to spend their money for any novelties appealing to them. Most of the automobiles used upon the streets for business purposes, or on the Luneta for pleasure driving, are owned by Spaniards or Filipinos. The American set seems to prefer horses, although there are quite a number of them who use motor vehicles. The Spaniards delight in fast-moving and showy automobiles. The well-to-do Spanish merchant, plantation owner, or copra manufacturer can be seen every evening on the Luneta with his entire family in an automobile. There are many prosperous Filipinos operating cigar works and lumber establishments, and it is this class who most delight to take their families out each evening,



WATER BUFFALO, SLOW SPEED RECORD HOLDER

automobiling. In fact, the automobile is extremely popular among the native population, and is destined to have a wide sale here. There are several agencies in Manila for the sale of automobiles, and they report that after a surprisingly few lessons, the Spaniard and the Filipino both become capable of handling the mechanism of the automobile perfectly. I, myself, saw a number

a business, mostly with the provinces, however. The natives use some very queer rigs of their own for getting over the ground; they are so ingenious in this direction, that they have actually worked out conveyances to be driven by sail and others to be propelled by cranks. These freaks they



BAD MEN WHO BUILD GOOD ROADS

of automobiles in the streets driven by these people, and was surprised that while they were running at high speed, so perfectly were they controlled, that few, if any, accidents resulted.

The authorities of Manila are rapidly putting the streets of the city and suburbs in a condition favorable to light vehicle traffic. Convict labor is being employed for this purpose, as well as hired natives under American overseers. The new roads are almost invariably hard and smooth, and, except in the center of the city, are abundantly wide enough for both speed and safety. In the center of the city about the post office, the streets are quite naturally too crowded for speed, still the auto drivers get through safely at a speed greater than any other vehicle. There are some fine bridges spanning the Pasig river, which runs through Manila proper, and the automobilist finds pleasure in crossing these sev-



OVER THE BRIDGE OF SPAIN



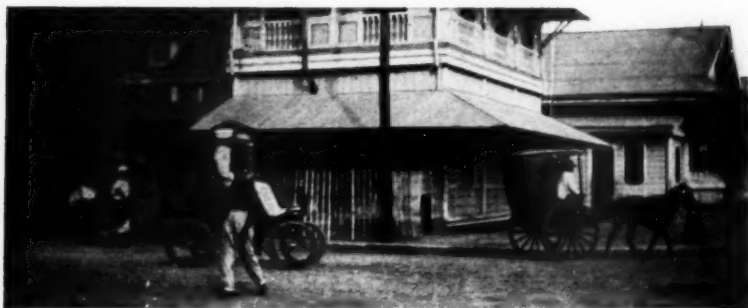
QUIZZLES ARE SPEEDY

eral times during his evening trip. While, of course, the bamboo bridges of the provinces are not suitable for heavy traffic, the Manila bridges are not of so flimsy construction. Crossing the river as they do where the boating is the heaviest,

one of the busiest of scenes is offered those who view it from the seats of their carriage.

The Luneta is the boulevard where in the evening, from 5 to 7 P. M., is to be seen on parade the elite of Manila. Regimental bands take turns in playing for the public's amusement, so there is never any lack of fine music, while plenty of good electric light adds to the picturesqueness of the scene. As the drive is along the ocean front most of the way, it is always cool. Steam rollers are kept busy at work extending and improving the drive; but even as it is now, the Luneta affords a moving panorama, which is, in its way, unequalled. From a personal study, I am convinced that there is a brilliant future for the automobile among the prosperous Spaniards and Filipinos. Strange to say, I can not remember ever having seen a Chinaman using an automobile, though there are plenty of Chinese rich enough to own a score of motor carriages, if they desired to do so; but the Spaniard and the Filipino, there are a couple of natural born automobilists for you who have the money to follow their inclinations to become scorchers in a country where one can scorch even while standing still.

Manila, P. I., July 10.



Wallkill-Rondout Valley Routes

*Outline of a Round Trip Between the Hudson River and the Delaware
Chance for a Splendid Late-Summer Automobile Tour*

By Robert Bruce



THE upper west side of the Hudson river is just now coming into the prominence it deserves as an automobile touring country. The long delay in this respect is probably due to the fact that the nearer and apparently more easily accessible districts have only come to be fairly well known within the past two or three years, while inquiries for itineraries "out of beaten paths" have only of late visibly increased. It is a natural, and withal an encouraging development of the touring idea, and betokens a closer search after the very best that this new mode of travel affords. The Wallkill and Rondout valleys, for instance, combine in an unusual degree the pictur-

esque, the romantic and the historic—three elements that lend particular interest to a vacation excursion of any kind. Superb mountain views, fair-to-good roads with easy grades, and plenty of rural variety, are additional attractions, the single drawback being the absence of supply depots and repair facilities, equal to those found in many other localities. A change in this respect will come in time, as increasing travel justifies it.

Immediately across the river from the upper half of the New York-Albany route, is the wide stretch of country, which includes these two and other less well-known valleys. It is best reached from that route by ferry from Poughkeepsie (to Highland and New Paltz), or from Rhinecliff (to Rondout and Kingston), though some prefer to ride up from Middletown, Port Jervis, or some other familiar point in Sullivan or Orange county, N. Y. A great many pleasant automobile tours are made to these last-named points, and no further, stopping just short of these valleys. They are not in the Catskills proper, but rather between the foothills of these quiet mountains and the Hudson river; perhaps they have been so little known, because half hidden among the other attractions of the superb out-door section which includes them all.

For the convenience of making a round trip out of it, we will consider Kingston the point of departure and likewise the finish of our inland road expedition. In that event, either a ferry or a boat landing will be made at Rondout, which is the lower part of the now enlarged city of Kingston. Rhinecliff, where ferry is taken from the opposite side of the Hudson, is three miles from Rhinebeck, through which the Albany post-road passes. It will be necessary to make this short run to the ferry, which will only take fifteen or twenty minutes (most of the way downhill), ending at the little ferry slip not far from the New York Central station. The charge for carrying an automobile across is reasonable enough—about the same as for a horse-drawn conveyance, with the same number of seats; and a convenient landing is made on the busy river-front, near the machine shops of the Cornell Steamboat Company, the biggest concern of its kind on the Hudson.

This ferry crossing at Rhinecliff would be called for in any detour to this part of the West Shore country from a tour principally on the east side of the river. If one does not care to do any riding before reaching Kingston, however, boat may be taken either from New York, Poughkeepsie or Albany to Rondout direct, and the tour may start from there. In this event it might be well to send the machine through a day ahead, and follow by boat or train, as may be most convenient, as freight carried to intermediate river landings is sometimes delayed in transit or delivery.

Broadway, which is a direct thoroughfare from near the ferry, Rondout, to Kingston, is very steep in places, as well as miserably stone-paved; and a better way is to go straight ahead from the ferry exit to a short cross-street called "The Strand," where, turn left, and almost immediately turn right into Hasbrouck avenue. Keep this to Delaware avenue, where (now past the worst upgrades) turn left, and again right into Broadway. This is the principal through road into old Kingston, passing the West Shore-Ulster & Delaware R. R. depot on the right about two-thirds of the way over.

If the arrival in Kingston is (as it is apt to be) late in the afternoon, the balance of the day may be spent profitably in the old city, remaining over until the next morning. Or, if preferred, the automobilist may make a leisurely start through the beautiful valley to New Paltz for the night. The distance is only about sixteen miles, and can be covered easily in an hour and a half. The way taken out of Kingston will depend upon the point of de-

parture, but in starting from the center of the old town, the best way is that shown in dotted lines on the accompanying map. Take either Fair street, or Wall street outward, until a right turn is made into the Rosendale road; but if coming up from Rondout without going into Kingston proper at all, Henry street will be found a direct link from Broadway into Fair street and the same Rosendale road, which is the way to New Paltz.

Heretofore you have enjoyed fine views of the Catskills to the north and west; but now you turn southward into the real Wallkill valley, and leave these enchanted mountains behind. Following the course of the Wallkill river for a few miles, you come to the celebrated Rifton Glen, where the stream passes through a romantic defile in the hills, to empty into the Rondout. Nothing can exceed the fantastic beauty of this spot. Passing through it leisurely, to admire the picturesque scenery, you enter upon a populous, well-cultivated, fertile region, bounded on the west by a vast amphitheater of rocks—the northern spur of the Shawangunk range of mountains.

In the Heart of the Wallkill

At New Paltz there are several excellent hotels where the automobilist can stop for the night; and it would be well to rise early the following morning in order to have ample time to look over the ancient Huguenot village in the northern quarter of the town. The original settlers of New Paltz came from the Dutch village of Wildwyck, now Kingston. They were Huguenots who had been accorded a welcome refuge and kind treatment by the early Dutch settlers, who sympathized with the sufferings they had endured for religion's sake, and gave them equal privileges with themselves. In May, 1666, they purchased from the Esopus Indians a large tract of land between the Shawangunk mountains and the Hudson river, and migrating from Kingston to the present site of New Paltz, built the ancient village already referred to. Their first dwellings were log huts; but about the year 1700, they had become sufficiently prosperous to erect the substantial stone houses that now constitute the greater part of the village.

The descendants of the first settlers proudly show to curious visitors the tiles and bricks imported from Holland, the quaint little Dutch windows with glass set in lead, the ancient port-holes in the walls, and other interesting features of the old landmarks. The modern town of New Paltz surrounds the ancient settlement

on every side; for it has grown with surprising rapidity since a State Normal School was established there some years ago; yet, notwithstanding the enhanced value of real estate in the locality, the Huguenot village remains practically the same as it was in the days of the pioneers. No one should go through this place without stopping to look around and through it.

On leaving New Paltz, it would be well to take the highway on the east side of the Wallkill river, as, with the exception of an occasional short hill, it is admirably adapted to automobiling. You now pass through a region of grazing lands and dairy farms, where the course of the river can be traced through successive pastures by a sinuous veil of mist that extends southward sometimes for miles. Here and there patches of the stream appear, shimmering in the sunlight, or shaded by willows that afford a cool retreat to groups of lazy cattle, standing in the shallows. The valley is enclosed on the west by the rugged Shawangunk range of mountains, abounding in picturesque lakes and intersected by deep ravines. On the summit of Sky Top—the highest peak of the range—lies the far-famed Lake Mohonk, surrounded on all sides by huge masses of romantic rocks. On the tops of the mountains further south, are situated Lake Minnewaska and Long Pond, both of which are remarkable for the depth and clearness of their water and sublimity of their rocky shores.

At Montgomery, which is scarcely more than an hour's brisk ride from New Paltz, you bend almost unconsciously out of the Wallkill valley over the main through turnpike to Middletown. Coming into the center of this busy little city, continue on past the State Hospital, and through Mount Hope, Otisville and Huguenot to Port Jervis, which is situated on the north bank of the Delaware river. The last few miles are through the lower Shawangunk mountain range, which are not left behind until you actually descend into the valley of the Delaware. The distance from Kingston to Port Jervis by this route is 74 miles, which can be covered in half a day, though a full day is none too much, especially since it would be difficult to complete the round trip in one day, and no intermediate point has so good accommodations for men and machines as can be had at Port Jervis.

Northward With the Rondout

While at Port Jervis, a short detour over the river into Matamoras, Pa., might be found interesting, especially since this

is the upper end of the famous shale road that extends through to the Delaware Water Gap, and is perhaps the finest natural road in the eastern states. As the return trip to Kingston is more direct and considerably shorter than the down trip, it would be an easy matter to ride down in the morning, even as far as Dingman's ferry (16 m.), and complete the ride to Kingston in the afternoon of the same day. When ready to return, retrace the same route to Huguenot, but instead of turning off to Otisville, keep ahead to Wurtsboro and Summitville. From the latter place (principally a railroad junction), the line follows the Rondout river, a distance of thirty-six miles. Through this valley, in the olden days, ran the Indian trail connecting the headwaters of the Delaware river with the valley of the Hudson at Kingston. That it was always a rich and fertile territory is borne out by the traditions which located here the "corn-planting grounds" of the powerful Leni Lenape Indians and the great number of Indian relics plowed up every year by the farmers.

Over this same Indian trail was built perhaps the oldest highway in the country, the "King's Highway," route of the old stage line between Albany and Philadelphia. After that came the canal, and now they have all been supplemented by a modern steel highway. On the east side of the valley are the Shawangunk mountains, and on the west, the foothills of the Catskills, while between the two flows the peaceful Rondout river. The northern end of the valley is one of the first settled portions of this country. Records show that a little fort was built at the mouth of the Rondout-kill in 1614. This was only five years after Hendrick Hudson discovered the river which bears his name, and the same year that saw the settlements begun at New York and Albany, and six years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock.



The early settlers came mostly from Holland; but scarcely less prominent than the Dutch were those of the early Huguenots.

If there is anywhere a better exemplification of contented country life than that seen along this return route, the writer does not know where to look for it. Population and business progress little, if any, in some places, but there are no signs of decay; everything is bright and prosperous looking. Country like this has the essential elements of restful living; it is one great outdoor sanitarium, bordered by rows of hills and divided by pretty valleys. It is a good district to live in or to visit once or twice a year.

There are no overtowering attractions, but there is some passing interest nearly every mile. At Ellenville, a pretty little town of some 3,000 people, you are in the picturesque (local) valley of the Sandburg, which unites with the Lackawack a little further on, and forms the Rondout, which flows into the Hudson. Along this same route was the old Delaware & Hudson canal, now abandoned and part of its old bed used as a railroad right-of-way. Occasionally a portion is reached where the old waterway was found too crooked for railroad use, and is temporarily left for a new line. In this case the decaying locks and the grass-grown bottom of the entirely abandoned canal, furnish a decided contrast to the new highway of transportation that has become established in this region.

The pretty towns of Napanoch (location of Napanoch State's Prison), Kerhonkson, Accord and High Falls, are passed in the order named, the road following sometimes on one side of the valley, sometimes on the other. At High Falls, instead of following the railroad and the old canal, keep on to the village of Hurley, and thence continue north by Hurley avenue. This will bring you into Kingston nearby the new Ontario & Western depot, into Washington avenue, zigzagging into North Front street, to old Kingston where the start was made. Distance from Port Jervis, 65 miles; round trip, Kingston to Port Jervis, down the Wallkill valley and up the Rondout valley, 139 miles, plus any detours made en route either way, or at the lower end of the run.

In planning this trip, care should be taken to make it "down" the Wallkill valley, and "up" the Rondout valley, not vice versa, for the reason that it is down grade from Kingston to Montgomery, and also from Summitville to Kingston. Starting from picturesque, busy waterfront, and passing through rugged hill

country, this itinerary brings the Delaware and the Hudson rivers within range of a single day's run, and allows for a return trip by an altogether different route. It gives many views of the canal which once was a great factor in our inland commerce, but which is now a phantom of its former self. When the railroad came, too, the old-fashioned stage coach was banished from another section of the Empire State, and road travel declined, only to be re-established in time, perhaps, by the automobile. A good supply of gasoline should be taken aboard at each end of the line, though in an emergency a supply may be purchased at the numerous country stores along the way. Some new state road is now in process of building, which will improve various parts of the ride very much, and make it more attractive to tourists. Like Orange county below, this is a great dairy country. Wagons loaded with milk cans pass you on the road; the lowing of cattle can be heard from every pasture, and the air is fragrant with clover. It is like a bit of rural Wisconsin, rather than like a bit of New York, but yet almost entirely within a radius of a hundred miles of the metropolis.

Acquiring Classical Knowledge

"'Festina lente' is a law term, isn't it?"

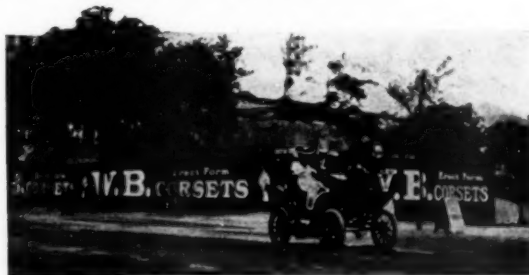
"Not at all. It means 'Make haste slowly.' Where did you get the impression that it was a law term?"

"Well, it's what the judge said to me when he fined me \$10 for scorching."

Humanity's Failing

"It is an error to allow automobiles to whirr along faster than a railroad train."

"Sure! Still, to whirr is human."



An Ananias Episode

IT was at one of the regular weekly meetings of the Ananias Club, and there was a candidate for admission. According to the invariable custom of the club the officers told stories and at their conclusion the initiate was required to make an effort. Immediately thereafter the balloting took place. If the members were satisfied that his story showed him to be a worthy companion they elected him one of their number; but if they were dissatisfied with it he was blackballed without mercy.

On this occasion the grand exalted chief liar, the highest officer of the club, said, "I was fishing in Buckskin creek a few weeks ago, and for nearly two hours I had no luck at all. I was beginning to think I had better return home when I felt a tug at my line, and I hooked what at first I thought was an eel. As I hauled the creature in, however, I found that it was a big water snake. The reptile was ten feet long and swollen in the middle to enormous dimensions. I promptly killed him, and found inside no fewer than two hundred and fifty-three trout, which I took home and found them fine eating."

"Is that a fish story or a snake story?" asked the vice-grand exalted liar, who then proceeded to say, "My story is a very short one. I borrowed an umbrella yesterday, when it was raining hard, but I returned it this morning before the owner was up."

"Well, it seems to be my turn," said the grand mendacious scribe. "As most of you know, I was married something like six months ago. When my wife and I went to housekeeping we had the fortune to obtain an excellent cook; and, gentleman, although we live fifteen miles in the country, that cook is with us still."

"It is now your turn," said the presiding officer as he turned to the applicant for membership, who stood up and began:

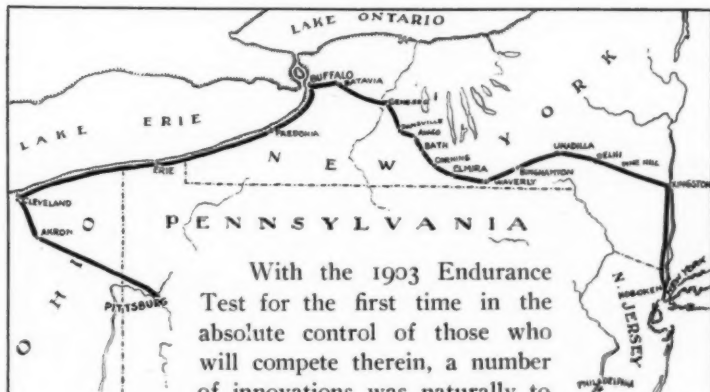
"Well, gentlemen, when six months ago I made up my mind to buy an automobile, I walked into the very first place I saw where they sold such things, bought one, got into it and drove out to my home, sixteen miles away, and from that day to this I have never spent a cent for repairs, nor can I suggest any improvements the makers of my vehicle might adopt. In fact I——"

The candidate was interrupted by wild shouts from the members. "That's enough!" they cried. "Proceed to balloting." He was elected unanimously.

Nineteen Ought Three's Test

By R. V. Pelton

WHILE the advisability of sending a number of automobiles over so rough and altogether unsatisfactory course as the one which the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers has chosen is open to grave questioning on the grounds of expediency as well as profit, it cannot, however, be denied that the choice of route has already proven the maker's belief in himself and his wares. It had been thought by some captious critics that the makers when they planned a test for themselves, of themselves and by themselves, would naturally make the test not any more difficult than needs be, but if the manufacturers have shirked their self-imposed task, it is not visible to the naked eye when the map herewith showing the route of the run is studied.



With the 1903 Endurance Test for the first time in the absolute control of those who will compete therein, a number of innovations was naturally to be expected. Among the most

pronounced changes in conditions of the test is, first, the scoring which will be undertaken on a basis of "points," of which an absolutely perfect compliance with the rules of test would enable a vehicle to be credited with a total pointage of 6,000, made up as follows: Run, 3,000; brake efficiency, 250; hill-climbing, 250; weight-carrying capacity, 1,000; condition at finish, 1,500.

All vehicles which are self-propelled are eligible to enter, provided, however, they are so constructed that no less than two passengers can be carried, seated side by side. They must be provided with efficient brakes, independent of the engine, and a reversing device. They must be regularly manufactured and offered for sale

to the public. They must be fully equipped as specified in the entry blank and no change in equipment, or any deviation from the description furnished at the time of entry, will be permitted in any feature of the contest. They must be equipped with all the seats usually carried.

Each vehicle will be placed in a class to which it will be adjudged eligible on a basis of its list price. The classes and prices will be as follows:

- Class A. \$1,000 and less.
- " B. 1,001 to \$1,500 inclusive.
- " C. 1,501 to 2,000 "
- " D. 2,001 to 2,500 "
- " E. 2,501 to 3,000 "
- " F. 3,001 to 3,500 "
- " G. over \$3,500.

The run will start at 7 A. M. on October 7. Each contestant will be credited at the start with 3,000 points, representing approximately the number of minutes required to cover the full distance at legal speed. From this number will be deducted one point for each minute or portion thereof a car is at rest, no matter what the cause, except should it be necessary for a car to stop while nearing an official garage, by reason of pressure of cars ahead and for no other reason.

There will be no penalization for unavoidable stops to avoid frightening horses, traffic, demands of nature, to render assistance in case of accident to other cars or to drivers of horses, or to light lamps. In all these cases, motors will be allowed to be stopped provided that doing so shall manifestly violate the rules.

To secure a perfect score, it will be necessary for a car to make the entire journey under its own power. If at any time a car shall proceed without any part of its load, a record of the time such load is absent must be taken by the observer and the car will be penalized as if it had been stopped. Should a car be towed or pushed, the time occupied in such towing or pushing will be considered as a stop.

One stop, not to exceed one hour, is to be permitted for lunch without penalization, the observer, meanwhile, never to be out of sight of the car.

Entries must be made upon blanks supplied by the association, which blanks must be filled out by the entrant to show the following: Name of machine; name of manufacturer; place of manufacture; retail selling price; weight of vehicle with tanks filled and complete equipment; water and gasoline capacity; number of passengers or-

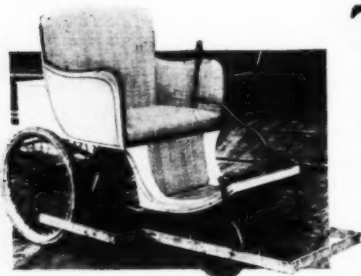


MR. ADAMS GIVING THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS CHILDREN AN OUTING IN A POPE TOURING CAR

dinarily carried; number of cylinders; bore and stroke of engine; arrangement and location of engine; whether two or four cycle; revolutions per minute at 20 miles per hour; size of wheels; wheel base; form of ignition; make, size and retail price of tires and whether single or double tube; list of special lubricating and other devices included in retail selling price.

An entry fee of \$25.00 for each vehicle must accompany the entry, and none will be received unless accompanied by the fee. Each entrant must also furnish one official observer, whose expenses he must defray throughout the test, for each of his entries, and the entrant is to be responsible for the performance by his observer or observers of the duties prescribed for observers. The name and address of the operator and observer is to be given at the time of entry, but a change may be made, if necessary, at any time before 6 P. M. on September 29. In the event of a vehicle being disqualified, or failing to take part in the contest, the entry fee will be retained by the association. There is to be no limit to the number of vehicles which may be entered by any manufacturer, agent or owner, but the association reserves the right to refuse any entry without assigning a reason.

For Both the Millions and the Millionaires



TO see the World's Fair at St. Louis next year with safety, comfort and rapidity the chair here shown has been constructed. Taking to heart the electric vehicle, the chair concessionaires have evolved a self-propelled vehicle which seems almost ideal for the purposes for which it is intended.

For three years Mr. Semple S. Scott worked over the problem of replacing the unsatisfactory man-powered chair and in the end perfected the one illustrated. It was only after long and thorough tests under service conditions that the Scott vehicle was chosen for use on the Exposition grounds. For weeks the little vehicle was kept in actual service on the grounds of the Exposition Company for the use of any one desiring to try it. It was thought that in this way the machine could most thoroughly demonstrate its ability when in the hands of people absolutely unacquainted with it. The special features of this automobile chair which deserve attention and which constitute the principal inventions of Mr. Scott, are:

The chair has a uniform speed of three miles per hour, which it does not vary when running up a steep grade, going down one, or in running on a level.

The operator has no control whatever over this speed.

The simplicity of operation is such that anyone, regardless of experience can readily and safely handle the chair.

Most admirable of all is the sensitive guard rail with which the vehicle is provided. By means of this rail, if the machine collides with any object or person, a pressure of only a few ounces pushes the guard rail back and causes the wheels to instantly become locked, thus bringing the chair to a dead standstill before the machine itself can strike the object or person.

As an exclusive concession has been granted for the use of these chairs at St. Louis, visitors to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition will have the pleasure and comfort of riding in an automobile while they safely and comfortably view all the wonders of the world which will be gathered there for their edification. Verily the world owes much to the automobile.



AS told in the last issue of the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*, the Overland car and its drivers arrived at Reno, the wickedest as well as the busiest town in Nevada. We soon found Reno was a place where gambling flourishes and divorce decrees as well as marriage certificates are issued on short notice to Californians and others who desire to avoid the laws of their own States. It was 9.35 o'clock Thursday morning, June 25, when we landed in Reno, having made the run from Carson City in about two and a half hours without difficulty of any kind or any incidents worthy of being noted. The same afternoon an equally uneventful trip landed us safely in Wadsworth, thirty-five miles away, where the first of our real difficulties were supposed to be due to commence. Wadsworth is a mean little railway town situated at the bottom of what seems to be a kittle of low hills from which no exit is provided except by the exiter plowing through sand of the worst description. The departure from this town was delayed a whole day by our failure to promptly receive gasoline, freight bills, photographic films and other mail and express matter. The day of waiting was rendered all the less enjoyable by the stories told of disaster which had overtaken another automobile which had attempted to cross the sand hills and the plains immediately adjacent, which we were due to tackle. When the start was finally made on Saturday morning many of the town's people had gathered at the top of the ominous hill, one of them very considerably having provided himself with a team, a rope and some tackle, quite plainly showing that he expected to be called upon to draw the automobile over the difficult spot. But these and other equally thoughtful and suggestive provisions which had been made

by outsiders were entirely unnecessary. The car carried two strips of canvas each 20 feet long and about 6 feet wide, with the idea that, if traction failed in deep and dry sand, the canvas could be spread over the ground, and the car be driven over it without sinking into the sand too deeply. This plan was carried out, and it was with boundless surprise that the Wadsworth people saw the car advance slowly but surely over the steep grade and finally pass by the would-be rescuers.. They cheered vociferously, even the man with the team taking his disappointment in good part. For more than



ten miles thereafter the road lay through such deep sand that twice more recourse to the canvas had to be taken in order to pull through. A little canvas awning had been built out over the front end of the car to shield the cooling coils from the direct rays of the sun, but even with this precaution it proved necessary to go even more slowly than the sand compelled us, so as to avoid

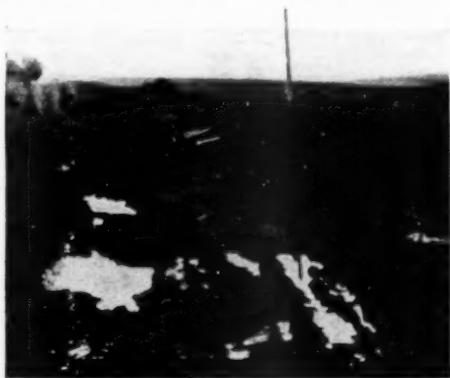
overheating, so fierce was the heat, so still the day, and so unceasing the hard work imposed upon the motor.

About three hours and a half elapsed before we had traversed the first twelve miles out of Wadsworth. Some idea may be formed of what this kind of sand means to the motor tourist, when it is noted that on a 14 per cent. down grade it was necessary to drive on the low gear in order to reach the bottom; the car refused not only to coast, but none of the higher gears could budge it. These trials over, the rest of the way to Lovelocks gave us comparatively easy driving, much of it being over white alkali plains where the surface



was quite good owing to continued dry weather. Late in the afternoon the first tire accident took place; a nail in a board lying in the road being responsible. Twenty minutes was required to pull out the injured section of the inner tube, put a patch on it and get it back into place. Lovelocks was reached at 7.12 o'clock, the cyclometer registering 507 miles as the total amount of distance we had covered since starting. It was found by stick measure that the motor during the day, in spite of its hard work, had consumed only six gallons of gasoline. Before reaching Lovelocks the car passed over a corner of the Humboldt River Sink, where this important water course disappears in the ground after having served to irrigate and fertilize innumerable ranches and farms in the valley for several hundred miles north and east. The course of the car lay henceforth for several days along the Humboldt river with an occasional crossing of the mountain ranges which shoot into it at irregular intervals. In this valley Lovelocks is the first important town, and upon entering it we were received with open arms. The car had by this time made such a favorable impression of power and strength that some persons actually thought it might succeed in getting across the desert.

At this point it should be remembered that a third man had been added to the party in the car. Mr. N. O. Allyn having joined Messrs. Fetch and Krarup at Reno, after it had been demonstrated how easy the



motor could handle mountain grades and rough ground. It had been considered desirable that Mr. Allyn, who is an expert machinist, should travel by rail, following the car so as to always be within call by wire. This was done so as we would not be entirely dependent on local skill in case the car should be ditched or otherwise injured on those narrow roads where accidents might readily take place. Up to this point, however, his services had never been required, and, the inactivity being irksome, he asked the privilege of going with the car to see the scenery at near hand with which all of us were unfamiliar. Mr. Allyn continued with the party from Reno to Colorado Springs, riding on the baggage, which was stacked up in the rear.

The following day, Sunday morning, the start was made at 6.12 o'clock, with the good wishes of the whole town accompanying us. It was only a short ride until the desert proper was again reached, and once more sand and sage brush and alkali reigned supreme. Close to the river where no irrigation had yet been attempted, the surface was deeply furrowed by ravines—commonly here called arroyas, with perpendicular walls. To cross these frequently involved a sinuous course for the vehicle, no small portion of which course lay in the bottom of the ravine. This was followed until a place could be found where the ascent of the opposite brink could be made by the vehicle.

That the road, on the whole, however, was not such a difficult one, is best shown by the time made, since we arrived at Rye Patch at 8.33, having in the intervening time made over 25 miles. A supply of gasolene, forwarded for the purpose, was found awaiting us at Rye Patch and eight gallons of it was taken on board, the two remaining gallons being donated to the town because we really couldn't do anything else with it. The vicinity of Rye Patch abounds in short hills with grades up to 23 per cent., most of the grades being the ups and downs of those ravines before mentioned, while the soil appears like a marl pulverized as fine as flour under the rubber tires. At 10.40 o'clock Humboldt House was reached, and here we found a splendid example of the immediate proximity which can exist between desert and oasis. On one side the snow-clad mountain range loomed up and the stony ground hardly left room enough for even the sage brush to take root, while on the other side the few acres surrounding the Humboldt House show a luxurious vegetation and the green foliage of large trees—all the result

of a little bit of irrigation. A crowd of Indians, squaws and pap-pooes here viewed us curiously, waiting probably to be offered money for the privilege of photographing them; for the aborigines of the State of Nevada have learned to ask money for everything they may do and especially for pandering to the curiosity of travelers. They hang around all Nevada towns doing nothing, and living upon the bounty of the government. Occasionally one of them consents to act as a guide over mountain roads, but as a rule, they much prefer to pass their time either loitering in the shade or rid-



ing on top of freight trains which, by consent of the railroad companies, they are permitted to do free of charge. Miles City, so called from an old mill located there, was reached at 11.42 o'clock, our cyclometer showing a total mileage up to date of 555½. The thermometer at that time of our arrival was 90 degrees in the shade, the barometer, 25.55, indicating that we had reached an altitude of about 4,400 feet.

It was known to us that the sand between Mills and Winnemucca, the next town we were scheduled to reach, would present difficulties exactly similar to those met and overcome out of Wadsworth. A conference with the town people who were much inter-

ested in the success of the trip, convinced Tom and Chris that it would be more interesting, as well as much wiser, to pass over the mountain visible from the town rather than to follow the river bottom land where the sand was understood to be over abundantly deep. Subsequent results justified this decision. The mountain pass route through Dun Glenn, a mining community where a few old men still dig away for treasure while the more enterprising young men have left for better fields, had many steep grades, but presented us with a good road surface most of the way, and an abundance of interesting scenery. The rise in elevation at the summit, compared to Mills City, was found to be about 1,500 feet. Then began the descent at 4.25 P. M., and this part of the trip was weird and picturesque. Until 5 o'clock the roads continued steep and winding with many abrupt turns and curves and plenty of places where a car not managed with caution and skill might fall down some four or five hundred feet on the rock. At the bottom of this wild declivity, extending for probably eight miles, the land spread in a conical formation with a gentle grade to the west, north and east, and, descending this grade, we finally reached the sand bottom at 5.20 o'clock, still several miles from Winnemucca. Some hard pulling through this sand now took place, but the delightful discovery was quickly made that where the sand was deepest and most impassable, the enterprising citizens of Winnemucca had sent out their squad of road improvers and had them cut down the sage brush on both sides of the track and spread it over the sand, turning it into what is locally called a "brushed road." The effect of this improvement was far superior to corduroying, as the soft brush wood soon splinters into shreds and makes a soft and pliable roadbed. For nearly four miles the roads had been so treated, and for this reason the last stretch of our day's trip, which, under other circumstances, would have required a couple of hours of hard pulling, was finished at 6.30 P. M., the cyclometer showing 585 and the barometer telling the story that the level of Winnemucca and that of Mills City were exactly the same, so that the rise of 1,500 feet over Dun Glenn and the subsequent drop over the mountain side might be looked upon as exactly the price paid for avoiding the sand.

At Winnemucca, Mr. F. W. Roach, editor of the *Silver State*, received an account of the trip up to that date which was published and which the travelers found afterward had been read extensively and carefully all over the State of Nevada. The other newspaper of



Winnemucca, the *Humboldt Standard*, also published an elaborate account of the trip.

The next morning, Monday, June 29, rain came down as it can only pour where rain is infrequent, and, as it was understood that the roads to Golconda lay largely through alkali deposits and marly bottom lands, departure was deferred until afternoon so as not to court slippery mud before it should prove absolutely necessary. The machine was thoroughly inspected and oiled. Here it was discovered that the spark plug for the first time required cleaning and also that the chain had stretched somewhat by wear in the links, of course, and needed tightening. After dinner the distance to Golconda was made in an hour and twenty minutes, arriving there at 2.40 o'clock; but, though it had ceased raining, the car was by this time in such a bespattered condition that it set the Golconda population to wondering what kind of traveling ours was. Like Winnemucca, Golconda had never seen an automobile before. Continuing after a short stop for route directions, "Old Pacific" was steered over the nearest mountain range toward Battle





Mountain and reached the summit an hour after, with the cooling water nearly boiling, for the day was sultry and calm and the climb of four and a half miles was sufficiently steep to make a total rise of 700 feet. The descent on the other side was an unmixed delight. For six miles fine coasting was enjoyed over roads to all intents and purposes equal to gravel walks. Then came the bottom flat, covering some five miles where the alkali shows like white enamel out of which little bushes of sage protrude at intervals of from 20 to 30 feet apart. Then followed a plain level wagon-rut trail, here and there obstructed by loose stones, but with nothing to hinder the timely arrival at Battle Mountain at 6.17 o'clock, the cyclometer showing the distance traveled just sixty miles during the half day. At Stone House, before reaching Battle Mountain a surprise, however, was prepared for the expedition. This was close to Humboldt river where the brush grew abundantly. Fierce hawk-like mosquitoes swooped down over the car and attacked especially Tom, who found it difficult to guard himself against them and at the same time steer a safe course.

Ethics of Opinion on Giving

"He asked for my honest opinion of that new carriage of his."

"Well?"

"Well, I lied to him, of course. When a man asks specifically for your honest opinion about anything, especially the automobile he owns, you can generally make up your mind that you've either got to lie to him or lose his friendship. It is only when he is less particular that you can afford to speak with perfect frankness."

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The Changing Year

BEHOLD September! Tripping from the hills she comes and lo! the mystic spell of August's weaving breaks at her touch. Indolence flees to the mistress who has gone before, and the languor and lassitude and lazy contentment of midsummer gives way to a quickening of vital forces and the inspiration of endeavor.

Fair September! Not the wealth of floral tribute of her sister months doth she bring, but of the fullness of the harvest doth she scatter on every side. Sere and yellow leaves flutter from the trees; they are her pledges in gold that there is no death, and April shall redeem them. The hills rope themselves in purple in the twilight hour and the air is vibrant with the plaint that "Katy did" and "Katy didn't."

Once more the feathered hosts fill copse and grove and gar-

den shrubbery, and if there be a new note, a minor chord, not present in their songs of the spring, therein is the promise that they go but for a little while. The clear air has in it a tonic which sets the rich blood to racing gloriously and fills with the desire of accomplishment the vigor which seeks expression in the world's work. It is the month of inspiration.

Perhaps because it has been a half-Novemberish summer, the afterglow, that peculiar radiance of the sky, which reaches its height of intensity long after the sun has set, and which science assigns to November, has been strong and frequent all through the latter part of August.

An enthusiastic California tourist writing us about the beauties of the sunset land describes the afterglow seen there behind the Sierra Madre as a superb band of deep orange, with graded tints too delicate to unravel, need not think that we do not have our afterglow, too, here on the Atlantic Coast. It is wonderful always at Mount Desert and thereabouts, and yet it is almost equally fine over our own palisades. The lowest band is one of an intense lemon color—only richer than lemon, though not quite orange—against which are cut out as if from black or purple paper, all the boughs of trees, and roofs and peaks and steeples and bell-towers upon the horizon—a sort of chromo Christmas-card effect.

If there is ever the lightest stir within one answering to the appeal to the spiritual, it cannot but be touched by this nightly light that each day seems like something that never was before on land or sea. It is neither sunshine nor shadow, but something woven out of the two, with an admixture of mystery making it all ineffably beautiful and profoundly searching for the heart.

In such a light, if ever, does the occupant of a swift, silent running vehicle feel the gently drawing force of the "mystic cords of memory," stretching up to one from the past and out and away into the future. Everything that is less gross than earth, mystical and sweet, naturally lends itself to becoming identified with this glow—this complexer light than earth's. May it not be the essence of the whole universe, spiritual as well as material, made visible for a few fleeting, wonderful moments, the piercing yellow signifying the potent energy of the sun by which all the physical world exists, shading by infinitely delicate degrees into the rose, which might signify the warmth of living nature and the human passions and affections, all life indeed—rarefying, again by imperceptible gradations, higher and higher up the sky, into the ethereal

blue denoting the spirit into which all that is personal in us is again to be resolved?

To come down to earth again, and the earthly September, with the changing leaves and hastening short days—with these clear, keen nights when the moon's ray is etched upon the water, which seem to leave a sharp touch upon the day to follow—a definite something cuts the season apart from summer by his time till it looms in one's consciousness pictured as a distinct character in the procession of the year, serene, richly garbed, noble, beautiful, yet with always a touch of sadness in its brooding sweetness, as of the last ride together.

Perhaps it would be better or healthier not to consider these inner suggestions too curiously, but to take in rather the simple delight there is to be found in the splendor of the autumn foliage, the reddening marshes and the budding chrysanthemums, the mellow golden days and the crisp nights of crystalline moonlight just now. Those who tour by the sea find a distinct delight in September days for this very touch of melancholy. Across the fields and marshes the midday heat simmers as in the summer, but as the afternoon wanes the breath of the frost makes itself felt and the crickets chirp more slowly. The horse-chestnut leaves, sturdy though they appear, seem to feel earliest the approach of their fate, and it is curious to observe the preparations of the tree for next season's leaves in the plump, sticky buds that already tip each twig. Scarlet and yellow are the keynotes of nature's fall color scheme and the golden rod and the wild rose pips are prominent exponents of it.

Verily, September is the month of the year, and thrice blest is he who, recognizing it as such, goes far afield or afloat.

The Coming Reliability Run

IN our opinion no more fortunate solution of the problem of a suitable route for this year's reliability run could have been made than was made at a meeting of the executive committee of the National Association of Automobile Manufacturers, held in New York on August 5. At that time the rival claims of Pittsburgh and Cleveland were fully considered, together with the much debated matter of hotel accommodations and supply and repair stations between the metropolis and each of the competing cities. Nor were the benefits sure to accrue to the sport and trade along either line from such a run overlooked.

Instead of a compromise or a trading of dates (as some imagined the outcome of the meeting would be) the affair was simply extended in scope and plan to include both. The run, which is scheduled to leave New York on the morning of Wednesday, October 7, will be first to Cleveland, and afterward continued on from that city to Pittsburgh. This will cut out the route by way of Washington and over the foothills of the Alleghenies, as first planned, and give a much better approach from the Great Lakes to the Iron City than could be had from any other direction.

Even with the Ohio city out of the calculation altogether, the safest and best, though, of course, by far the longest route between New York and Pittsburgh, would be by way of the Great Lakes. As it is, the wishes of both are satisfied—Cleveland with the recognition of her large claims as an automobile center, and Pittsburgh with the actual terminus of the run. The latter will, therefore, have plenty of time to prepare the social entertainment and racing program which her representatives spoke of in bidding for the run awhile ago. It is fortunate that these two places happened to be the competitors this year, for had it been, say, Detroit and Washington, no such arrangement could have been made to take care of both.

With the date and the route decided upon, the automobile manufacturers and others interested in the success of the project can go ahead with their plans, and in number of competitors at least, the 1902 run from New York to Boston and return will doubtless be surpassed, though it is a question if the same proportion of entrants will finish the longer distance with perfect scores. Possibly none of them will be able to do so. Some of the unnecessary red tape of the last run will be done away with, yet without obscuring the one essential element—to meet, in so far as possible, ordinary touring conditions over the same country.

Educational Value of Self Insurance

IT cannot be denied that the insurance companies have not treated the automobile owner in an altogether liberal spirit. They have accepted the new vehicle as a risk only at rates which have made the insuring of it almost prohibitory. In fact in every possible way the insurance people have shown that they are not even luke warm welcomers of the conveyance whose provender is taken from an oil can rather than an oat sack.

Unpleasant and expensive as all this is, it is nevertheless not altogether an unmixed evil. Experience in other lines has shown that cheap insurance, instead of being a benefit to the community, becomes a positive detriment to every interest affected by offering inducements to neglect all precautions for safety against fire, and there is no valid reason why the same rule should not hold good in connection with automobiles. Statistics compiled by the Pennsylvania Insurance Department show that the companies assuming fire risks in the United States have suffered in the past eleven years a net loss of \$26,945,895. These figures are challenged by some, but whether the losses are more or less, they are much too great, and while the way to reduce them is not to load more heavily the good risks to cover the hazards of the poor ones, that seems to be the only way known to the underwriters, and it promises to be educational to all concerned.

Movements have been started in the various centers of trade and manufacturing to organize systems of self-insurance among those who, like the owners of automobiles, find the costs of protection under the new tariff burdensome. It will not need many or large losses under this system to convince those who seek to take advantage of it that the best way of cheapening insurance of any kind is to adopt every precaution of safety which experience has shown to be useful, and to eliminate negligence and carelessness in everything connected with the management of combustible property.

The manufacturer, agent or owner of an automobile who has to assume any part of the risk of fire in the premises for which he is responsible will not be likely to think complacently or speak lightly of "selling to the underwriters" what fire may destroy. The larger the measure of the risk he assumes the greater the care he will be disposed to exercise in minimizing the fire hazard of his premises. In this respect experience in self-insurance will be distinctly valuable to the insured.

It might also be valuable to the companies in suggesting the advantages to result from such co-operation as would be established by insuring the automobilist against loss from fire originating from without and leaving the insured to protect himself against loss from fires originating within his own premises.

If we should ever reach the plane of civilization which will permit us to regard carelessness resulting in the destruction of property as a crime against the public, to be punished with ex-

emplary penalties, our annual fire losses would be reduced to a very small part of what they now are and insurance would be cheap because it would cover nothing preventable by such vigilance as every owner or tenant of a building owes to his own interests and to those of others whom his carelessness may imperil.

Insist on Getting What You Want

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written, printed and said, the game of substitution is still being played upon automobile owners and intending purchasers of standard makes permit agents, outfitters and salesmen to foist upon them something which is described as, but is not, "just as good."

It is gratifying, however, to learn from those who are most interested that the practice is decreasing; in other words, the automobile game is not as good as it was. There is no sign of repentance on the part of unscrupulous traders in this. It is the result of the education of the purchasing public. Owners of automobiles will no longer permit themselves to be imposed upon by those with whom they deal.

Substitution is not new, but within a few years it grew to such enormous proportions that, powerless to help themselves otherwise, manufacturers in every line have appealed to the press to give publicity to their protest against the practice.

The case in a nutshell was just this: An individual or corporation invented, patented and put on the market something of merit the public wanted. To exploit it and keep it in the public eye sometimes hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent. With an article of merit these methods rarely fail of success. But just as the individual or firm was beginning to reap the benefit of the outlay the market would be found flooded with a spurious article, a counterfeit of the original, with title, appearance, type and equipment as closely copied as dared be. The counterfeiter, of course, cannot sell his product without the assistance of the retailer, and tradesmen are easily found who do not hesitate to handle the spurious goods and, when the original articles are called for, unblushingly tell intending purchasers that the counterfeit is "just as good."

There is no method of stopping this unless buyers take a hand, as, fortunately, they have done. Refusal to take any "just as good" articles and quiet insistence on receiving exactly what is asked for

is the only way to defeat unscrupulous traders, and to make of your automobile experience a less expensive and a more satisfactory affair in every way.

The average blatherskite who denounces automobiles, or violently interferes with them to-day, imagines that he is simply disturbing the amusement of some rich man. Usually, he is disturbing a rich man. But, invariably, he is also interfering with the future comfort of all citizens. The automobile is developing rapidly in effectiveness and in cheapness. It could not develop in this way but for the fact that manufacturers are encouraged to do their best by men able to pay high prices for the results of those experiments. It is true that to a certain extent the automobile to-day is a rich man's amusement. But because it is the rich man's amusement to-day, it will be everybody's convenience a few years from now. The men who own the fast automobiles to-day are sometimes reckless. When they are reckless they should be punished. But ignorance and envy should not be permitted to combine against a great and needed public benefit for no better reason than because some men are not as wise as others.

A Cincinnati wonder worker proclaims that he has the famous Edisonian battery dream beaten a million miles with his successful transforming into perpetual motion the force exerted by a permanent magnet. In other words, this poor victim of his own ignorance has "invented" an electric motor in which the field of force is supplied by a permanent magnet and the armature is of iron without coils. No further quotation or comment is required to indicate the hopelessness of this "inventor's" case. The pathetic side of such cases is the most conspicuous. It is really distressing to think of the toil and time wasted by this class of people in following the example set them by press-agent-made wizards, when a few dollars invested in education facilities and a few weeks of time devoted to the use of them would suffice to prevent any such entrance into a fool's paradise with the rude awakening that must inevitably follow.

The law should regulate strictly the owners and drivers of high-powered vehicles. No man should be allowed to operate such a machine on the public highways unless he has proven his capacity and his sobriety. Reckless disregard of laws by owners

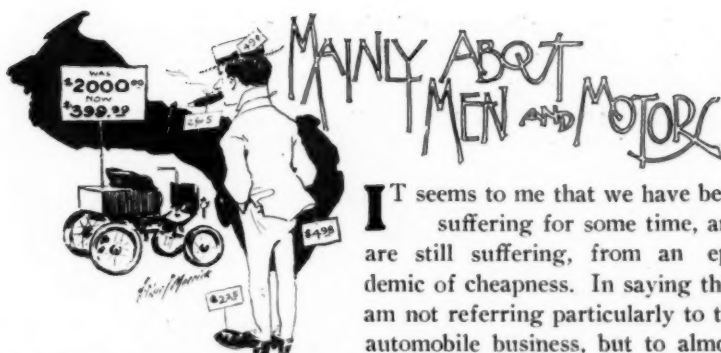
of automobiles should be severely punished. Whoever wilfully endangers human life should be punished by imprisonment without option of fine—whether he be an automobilist or any other criminal. If any man's automobile interferes with the safety of another person, that man should be punished. And if any man wrongfully interferes with an automobile, or its owner, he should be punished. There is the whole question, the disease and the remedy.

We are not going to get entirely rid of that noble animal—and great nuisance—the horse, for many a year to come, and while he is with us pavements of perfect quality and condition are out of the question. A merit of the often denounced automobile that rarely gets recognition is the harmony between its requirements and those of human beings in the matter of surfaces over which to travel. With freedom to choose, the automobilist would select precisely the path most convenient for a man on foot—and he would leave that path exactly as he found it. That cannot be said of the horse.

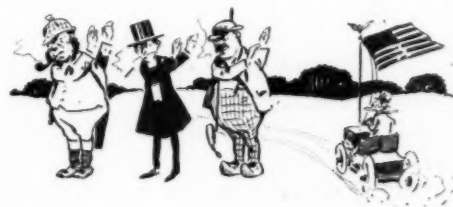
It seems as though the time was surely here when the automobile should be recognized as the latest device for facilitating man's circulation on the globe's surface, and is a permanent and immensely valuable addition to our possessions. It should be welcomed and encouraged by every man with intelligence sufficient to enable him to look even a short distance into the future, while those without intelligence or foresight should be restrained from acting in accordance with their mental deficiencies.

The ignorant man who throws stones at the automobile today throws stones at his own future comfort, while he of the suburbs who passes unnecessary laws against reasonable speed is legislating against his own welfare. He is fighting an agency which in a few years from now will put his village and his home in touch with the great cities, improve his real estate and make his person and his crops independent of railroad extortion.

If you start to tell any one of your motor troubles, and he turns the subject and doesn't give you a chance, hunt him up afterward and thank him for it.



IT seems to me that we have been suffering for some time, and are still suffering, from an epidemic of cheapness. In saying this, am not referring particularly to the automobile business, but to almost every line of trade in this country. As a rule, quality and price go hand in hand; if you pay a low price for an article you surely must expect a cheap article; but if you pay a good price for something you have every right to expect that the something will be commensurate with the price. In times past I have held forth upon the shoddy material and manufacture this country has wafted away upon the four winds of export. This sending of trash abroad has only brought this country into disrepute in too many instances. It was a common remark after the automobile race in Ireland that American

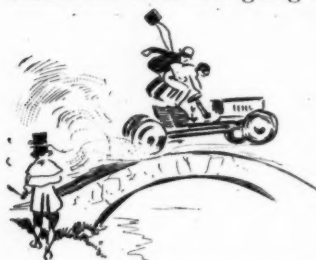


machines were cheap affairs and could not therefore be expected to do the work that the French and German ones did. This impression seems to be universal abroad and it has done this country vast damage. Do not understand me to say that all American products sent abroad or consumed at home are cheap and shoddy affairs, but, nevertheless, the eternal fact remains that entirely too much of American-made goods is very properly placed in the cheap and nasty class.

The buyer for a factory must necessarily buy to the best advantage, and his chief idea is to screw the seller down to the lowest possible notch, and then the seller is expected to turn out first-class material for the buyer. All this is true of tires, of wheels, and

of steel. It is equally true of body work and other things which, when assembled, make an automobile. It is high time for American manufacturers to get away from this kind of cheapness and get back to goodness, since it goes without saying that the seller and the purchaser will both in the end be much better satisfied.

A good many people do not know how it feels to ride in an automobile when it is going faster than a mile a minute. It is a sensation that once experienced is never



forgotten. I had an opportunity of testing how it feels one Sunday in Ireland, when Louis Patrick Mooers, the driver of the Peerless racer, invited me to take the first trip the car was to make over the Irish roads.

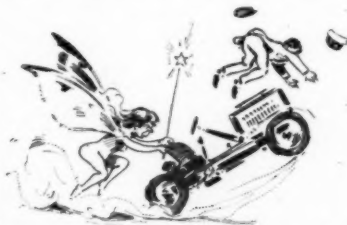
It was about midday when we left the Shelbourne Hotel and Mr.

Mooers immediately headed the Peerless for the Irish course and after passing the great brewery of Guinness and the King's Bridge Station, we were in the suburbs of Dublin. The Irish roads when passing over bridges take a sudden raise and the top of the bridge is an oval, consequently when you strike this you must be sure and hang on to any vehicle you are an occupant of. The first we struck was just outside the city, and as we were about to pass over it an Irishman shouted "Hold toight!" We held and were glad; thereafter, when passing over these bumps Mooers would sing out, "Hold toight!" and you can bet I obeyed orders. When we had passed fairly beyond the city limits Mr. Mooers opened her up and then the wind whistled past us in lively fashion. I found the rushing air fairly lifting me out of my seat and I clutched both sides desperately in order that I should not be blown away since my weight—over 160 lbs.—was manifestly not ballast enough to keep me down otherwise. When we had attained a speed of from 50 to 60 miles per hour I felt just a little bit nervous, but later on one concludes that he is perfectly safe and doesn't care how fast they take him. Of course, there come times when you feel like shouting "Stop!" but you button down the feeling and continue to hang on until finally relief comes in a lessening of the speed. What interests you the most in all this wild rush, if you are on a country road is the prospect of turning some sharp corner and running into somebody or something. But with it all there is nothing which ever approaches traveling a mile a minute in

a racing automobile over a country road. That the Peerless machine can do a mile a minute or better I have the very best of proof, since I had more than one opportunity of testing its speed as a passenger. That the Peerless machine is good for 70 miles an hour notwithstanding doubting Thomases who saw it perform at Yonkers, I am equally positive, though I never rode in it when it went that fast, nor I never will if I can avoid it. I know when I get enough—a mile a minute is my limit.

While going to weigh in at Naas the morning before the race in Ireland, we were coming along from Ballitore, slowed down to about 40 miles an hour, we turned a corner and saw just ahead of us, possibly not over 100 yards away, two teams that had balked at the sound of the machine, and had completely blocked the road. Mr. Mooers slowed down thinking the drivers would straighten matters out, but the drivers seemed more frightened than the horses so it soon developed into a case of our going into the ditch or into the teams. We chose the ditch to the left, and as power had been promptly shut off and brakes put on no damage was done; but we had to get some powerful assistance to get out of that ditch and back on the road again.

Having had to do so much "explanationizing" since my return from the Gordon Bennett race as to why America didn't win, I have thought seriously of writing a book about it, giving it the title, "Why We Didn't Win." After thinking the matter over carefully, however, I made up my mind that although many reasons could be furnished why we didn't win, the really best one could be summed up in a very short space, and so as brevity is said to be the soul of wit, I concluded to publish my book in the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*, with the title and contents combined in these three words: "Because we couldn't."



Through sundry and various agencies we have been told why two of the American team didn't or couldn't win; but there remains a third member of the team whose tenor voice has not been heard since it warbled at the Timolin Rectory "In the good-old summer time!" Timolin is in Ireland and near the Gordon Bennett

course, and with the exception of the time when it was leased to the Winton party it is occupied by a gentleman of the cloth, who attends to the spiritual wants of the good people of Timolin and neighborhood. Percy Owen, always something of an explorer, is said to have explored the good man's study and behind a curtain there he made a discovery which shocked him. Ask Percy what it was. It is of this same Percy Owen that I would speak and unfold a solemn tale as to why he did not win the cup. Originally this was told me while sitting under a hedge with the moon and stars solemnly blinking at us, the night after the race, at Timolin: "The reason I did not win provides for me the best excuse of all," quoth Percy. "It was not as some have stated, because I had studied too much at the Rectory; it was because I ran foul of the fairies or wraiths, as they call them here in Ireland, and I will tell you how it was." Owen solemnly lit a cigar, and having got it going to his satisfaction, resumed the narrative. "You saw our flag pole and American flag when you visited us, did you not?" That American flag was about the best thing I had seen since I left New York harbor, and it cheered me mightily, and I mentally patted the Winton patriotism on the back for so thoughtfully raising their national colors in the enemy's country. "Well," went on Percy, "I had the flag and Mr. Winton said it must be put up, so I got a fifty-foot pole and asked one of the laborers on the place to bring a spade and dig a hole for our flag-raising. I was holding up the pole and the man had dug about twenty spadefuls, when all at once he jumped out of the hole with a yell and threw down his spade and made off through the orchard. I dropped the pole and went after him hot-foot and caught him just as he was climbing over the garden gate. Catching him by the collar I asked him what he meant by such conduct, and this is what he said: 'Mr. Owen, we will have bad luck for the rest of our lives, because the place where we have been digging is known as the Fairies' Mound, and anybody who digs in that mound will always have bad luck, and faith, Mr. Owen, you will have bad luck in the race. So will all of you.' Arguments and threatening had no effect on the fellow, so I had to dig the rest of that hole myself. Then Mr. Winton came and helped me and so we finally got that flag up. After the race the man came up and whispered to me: 'Didn't I tell you, sir, you would have nothing but bad luck?'"

Robert Bruce, who has written so well and so long about roads and touring in the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE*, tells me that the route selected for the Endurance Run from New York to Pittsburg by the National Automobile Manufacturers' Association will be a tough proposition. Mr. Bruce thinks that if the tour goes through the Southern Catskills and the weather happens to be cold and rainy, some of the drivers will have troubles galore and some of them will never get beyond Rip Van Winkle's old bowling alley. Mr.



Bruce calls attention, too, to a lack of hotel accommodation during the early stages of the route chosen for the test and suggests that cautious competitors will take their camping outfits along with them and under no circumstances will they forget to provide themselves with something to eat and drink.

I still maintain that an automobile encampment of national character, held in October, in some part of the country where hill-climbing contests, daily endurance runs of 100 or more miles, could be held, would be the best thing. Of course, if you want to have the Automobile Show at the same time, and in the end this plan would save the manufacturers a whole lot of time and money, while at the same time it demonstrates to the public everything about an automobile that needs demonstrating. This tearing across the country and tackling roads, many of which are not fit to travel over at any time of the year, is asking the manufacturers to do needless and heroic things. In the course for the present run there are miles of roads which it is doubtful if they will ever be traveled over by an automobile, or, if they are so, very seldom, so they who choose them as tests are foolish. I do not believe in this inviting disaster; troubles in automobiling under the best of conditions come often and early enough without courting them unnecessarily. The present plan seems very much like asking the manufacturer of automobiles to co-operate in injuring his own business.

The many friends of Harry F. Spaulding will condole with his good mother and his wife over the terrible misfortune that overtook them recently in the drowning of Harry in the Erie Canal between Albany and Syracuse. The accident happened, it is said, through Mr. Spaulding turning in on the tow path of the canal to

allow a team to pass on the outside, or the safe side; then, either through slipping or through miscalculating the distance the young man went over the bank and was drowned before he could be saved. The vehicle was a Long Distance touring car, and had only just been purchased. Just before starting Mr. Spaulding visited the *AUTOMOBILE MAGAZINE* office and invited me to take the trip with him but I declined and so Peter S. Steenstrup went part of the way with him, and left him before the fatal accident took place.

What does a purchaser in the long run care about an additional fifty dollars providing the additional expense procures him a good



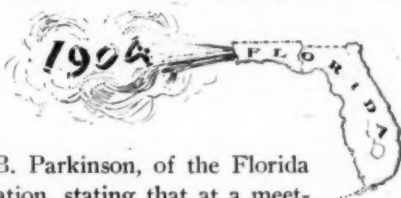
set of tires that will outlast two pairs of the cheap kinds and save him a lot of patience and a lot of annoyance and loss of time besides? I am speaking of tires just as an example, for I do not believe that manufacturers can turn out a good tire at the price some factories are just now offering them for sale.

A western rubber concern introduced the era of cheapness and got a good deal of trade because the price quoted for their tires was lower than the factories making first-class goods would sell at. The result of the western concern's cheapening process has not been a success except from the repairman's point of view. It is all nonsense to say that this country cannot make as good tires as the imported ones, for it can make them providing American tire makers are paid the price, and do not forget in the making thereof that pure rubber costs money. A mixture of chemical stuff called "rubber" does not make a good tire. The success of American tires has been proven by the records made by Barney Oldfield, when he went the fastest on record with an American-made vehicle fitted with G. & J. tires. The Goodrich tires have always given satisfaction, and Arthur Lumsden, the English manager of the latter Company, informed me that in London the American tire was winning its way, since the English people were always quite willing to pay a good price for a good article.

What I have said above was inspired by Harry Dunn, of the Fisk Rubber Co., whom I met in London. Mr. Dunn was frank

enough to admit that the foreign tire was superior to most American tires because the people abroad paid for the high grade rubber which was put in it. Mr. Dunn said there is room in the United States for a fair-priced tire, and he intends to back this opinion with a moderate-priced one in the near future.

The 1904 Ormond-Daytona Beach Florida winter tournament is absolutely sure to be one of the biggest successes of the year, judging from the number of racing men and automobilists from all over the world who have written asking about the affair. I am in receipt of a letter from Secretary John B. Parkinson, of the Florida East Coast Automobile Association, stating that at a meeting of the Association the selection of the date was left to me, so I have named January 25 to 30, and have also asked the American Automobile Association for the additional dates, February the 6th to 13th, so as to have sanction handy in case the record breakers wish to prolong their stay on the Beach. The dates for the New York Show at Madison Square Garden are January 16 to 23, and for Chicago's Show, February the 6th to 13th, which will place the Florida Tournament in the two weeks intervening. This seems to be the most suitable time for the Tournament, judging from inquiries I have made in Florida and among the manufacturers. After the New York Show is over, many will want to rest for a week, and there is no better place to rest than Florida, and many will go there to see the fast men compete for the prizes and go for the records. It is possible that excursions will be run, and to that end negotiations are now on between the Florida Automobile Association, the railroads and the steamship lines, looking toward an automobile excursion to Florida during automobile week. The Florida beach is now admitted to be the most suitable place in America for racing and the safest place for spectators and racers as well. Since road racing is practically dead and there is and always must be more or less danger and difficulties in racing on the track, the pre-eminence of the Florida course becomes supreme. One of the proposed Florida events is a 100-mile race, 20 miles with a turn, which will make five 20-mile dashes. This should provide a fast 100-mile record and while at the same time giving the spectators the best race they have ever seen.



It is said that the Emperor William has more than a little to do with the Mercedes victory, for when the Daimler factory burned and destroyed the machines designed for the Gordon Bennett race, the company decided to withdraw from the con-



test, especially as they had found it impossible to get drivers of German nationality acceptable under the rules governing the race. It was then that the Emperor came in and, so it is said, advised the Mercedes people to send what cars they could get and at least have a try for the cup. As this was virtually a royal command, the loyal Germans quite naturally obeyed. Possibly,

if Emperor William had also said that the German car should be driven by Germans and not by two Belgians and an American, Germans might have been found to do the driving. In the interest of fair play and all concerned, the rules of the Gordon Bennett race should be amended so competing nations should be compelled to furnish their own drivers—men citizens of the country in whose name they competed. I think this question of cars being driven by citizens of the country represented by the car should have more weight even than the clause which says that all parts of the machine must be manufactured in the country in whose interest the vehicle is competing. It is absurd to say that a country like Germany could not furnish three drivers who are capable of controlling a racing car out of its entire forty million of people, and in future it is to be hoped that Germany will have sufficient influence in the matter to insist that the German Automobile Club take a reef in its pride and social standing to either supply capable drivers from its own rank, or, if it is unable to do that, then to elect to membership a few good men from out of the German factories who can drive so that Germany may no longer have to borrow from America and Belgium the men necessary to represent it.

Remember I told you about a poster upon whose artisticness I staked my reputation as an art critic. Well, I never heard a kick from anyone who followed my advice in that case, and now I am more convinced than ever that when it comes to judging posters I am almost as much of an authority as I am in the gentle art of

getting advertising. Don't think I am inclined to be over enthusiastic over my ability as a poster picker, because I am not; I know my limitations in that as well as in other directions. But if you really want an automobile picture, which is worth framing, and is not bedaubed all over with advertising, make your wants known to Frederick Glassup, 126 Bleecker street, this city, enclosing a dime, "as an evidence of good faith, not necessarily for publication," as the editors put it, and Mr. Glassup will send you a four-color reproduction of E. N. Blue's original drawing of an automobile under full headway. I know both the owner and the artist of this drawing, and when I tell you that their poster is the real thing, believe me I know exactly what I am talking about. Follow my advice and see if you don't agree with me.

The increasing number of commercial automobiles daily seen on our streets gives those people who have prophesied and who actually believe in a practically horseless city, reason for rejoicing. The end of Dobbin is in sight as a beast of burden, and everybody should be glad that this is so. From the mammoth truck to the light delivery wagon, manufacturers are now paying a good deal of attention to the goods carriers, and the large commercial houses having a large amount of freight to deliver and collect, have come to recognize in the automobile a most useful and economic agent. The coming into general use of the motored goods carriers will save our cities untold wealth, and our streets will then become not only passable, but from a sanitary standpoint, much improved.



The announcement of the retirement of Alexander Winton has again been made, and as this is written it looks as if Mr. Winton actually intends to retire from the racing game. Of course, Mr. Winton, like many of the famous actresses, may be induced to make a farewell tour, and like them he, too, is also privileged to change his mind just as often as he pleases. It was stated some time ago that his attempt to capture the Gordon Bennett cup would be Mr. Winton's last racing effort. In passing, however, I might say that the well-known Clevelander informed me in Dublin that before he did retire he intended to place all records where neither Barney Oldfield or the dogs could bite them. Some subsequent

influence, possibly adverse public sentiment, seems to have caused Mr. Winton to change his mind, and so he is reported to have decided to retire from racing at once. This is unfortunate, as there is no doubt whatever that Mr. Winton retires under a cloud, since it seems to be the general verdict that his Fournier fiasco, and on top of that the unfortunate Russian gasoline excuse in the Gordon Bennett race are hardly what one should have expected from one so well and favorably known as Mr. Winton is. Be all the foregoing as it may, it cannot be denied that the engagement by the Winton Co. of Barney Oldfield was a good move even if it was a belated one. I advised Messrs. Winton & Shanks, at the New York Show last winter, to engage Barney Oldfield, and gave as my opinion then that it was the part of prudence and policy to keep the head of the Winton Co. away from the dangers and entanglements that the race course provides for all who frequent it. I pointed out in these pages some months ago that it was not fair to the Winton Co. that its head should be continually exposing him to dangers, even though his doing so was advertising the Winton Co. tremendously. If you will remember, I also said that it was not the part of wisdom to match Mr. Winton against an out and out professional like Henri Fournier, who does little else but drive racing machines. Mr. Winton is an amateur, and racing has been a side issue with him, as it needs must be with his great business interests taking up most of his time. No man can aspire to be a champion driver who engages in anything else, since the minute he does so he only weakens his capabilities and prospects as a champion. At the championship game no man can do two things like racing and business, and do either or both successfully. This never has been done and it never will be.

In the retirement of Mr. Winton—if that retirement is final—automobiling loses a man who has done a great deal for the automobile and racing thereof, and so Mr. Winton should not be allowed to retire without the applause of his brother automobilists everywhere ringing loud in his ears. Because Mr. Winton may have made a few mistakes, or has invited adverse comment of late, that is no reason why he would not have the cordial thanks of both the trade and the sport of automobiling.

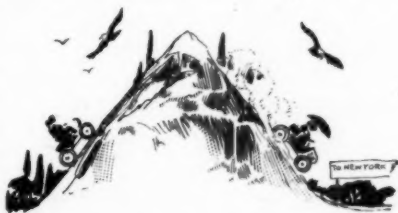
In the early 90's, with wonderful foresight and courage, Alexander Winton began building automobiles. It required a courage of a high order to undertake such a job at such a time. It

was Winton who arrived in New York from Cleveland on his automobile, after a contest with road, weather and machine such as few men could have successfully combated. Even in New York, where new ideas are always welcomed and Winton's reception upon the termination of his trip was more or less cool.

Later we find Mr. Winton journeying to Europe, and taking part in one of the earliest Gordon Bennett races, while his work on American tracks was top notch. His well-known attempt to cross the continent from San Francisco to New York, even though it was not successful, was a plucky effort, and showed the make up of the man. All these things and more entitle Mr. Winton to the respect and to the favor of his fellow automobilists everywhere.

I believe that most of the criticism that has been showered upon Mr. Winton recently might have been avoided by the exercising of a little foresight and common sense, but that does not lessen my appreciation of the heavy balance of things well done which Mr. Winton has to his credit. In the matter of the Winton Fournier race fizzle, I believe that the Frenchman was just as much to blame as Mr. Winton, and I do not think that he ever had any real intention of racing. As far as Fournier was concerned, it was just as much an advertising scheme as it was on the part of Winton. The part played by the Winton Motor Carriage Co. in the trade has been for the most part a fortunate thing for the sport, and, come what may, they can not and must not be robbed of the credit that is due them therefor.

The trans-continental performance of the Packard, Olds and Winton vehicles will do more good for automobiling than all the races that have ever been run up to the present day will do. These trips have called attention emphatically to the fact that the automobile is not a toy, but can successfully go where teams dare not go, and make fairly good time when doing it, as in the case of the Packard, when 100 miles a day over no roads at all were reeled off. The little Oldsmobile, with a nerve all its own, can always be relied upon to venture where any other automobiles dares to go, so we now see the little runabout



poking its nose across the country, having successfully negotiated the boulders of the Rockies and the sands of the Desert, which is a most remarkable thing when you consider the lightness of the vehicle and limited engine power of the Detroit favorite. Another and a decidedly important thing these trips have demonstrated is the crying need of a road right across the continent, and it will come, too, in due time.

Of course a good many people have been trying to get some advertising out of the yacht races, and as Lipton is inclined to be generous, he has allowed some of the Lipton advertising to overflow and fall on others. One of the neatest bits of personal advertising in connection with the yacht races was done by the Duff Manufacturing Company, of Pittsburg, makers of the famous little Barrett lifting jack.



The Duff people made a miniature jack and fastened it to a small America's cup, with a picture of Sir Thomas Lipton, which they sent to the Irish baronet, with a clever letter stating that, like most people, they sympathized with Sir Thomas in his efforts to lift the cup, and that as they knew of no more powerful aid to cup or any other lifting than the famous Barrett jack, which they made, they had no doubt but if Sir Lipton used the one they were sending, he would certainly lift the cup. Sir Thomas, with the proverbial good nature and wit of his race, wrote the Duff people a very cordial letter, thanking them for the jack, and said that he would use every effort to lift the cup; though he was not quite sure that jacking would aid him materially. The great yachtsman was kind enough to tell the joke to a lot of newspaper men so that the Duff Manufacturing Company got a lot of well-deserved advertising for their timely wit.

I was glad to see by the New York *Sun* that New York, which already has so many excellent hotels, is still to have another one. There is room for the newcomer, which will be known as "Bretton Hall," and be located in the neighborhood of Broadway and 82d street, which location, of course, will soon be the center of New York, if it is not already so. The reason that I mention this particular new hotel is because it will be managed by two men who are now well

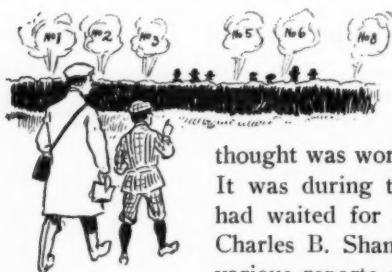
and favorably known in automobile circles and whose experience in hotel management warrants the statement that there are no better or more courteous hotel managers in this country to-day than they are. When I say that Anderson & Price, to whom more credit is due for starting the annual Florida Winter Automobile Tournament than any and all others, are, for 21 years, to be managers of the new hotel, it goes without saying that the new hotel will interest automobilists everywhere. Anderson & Price will continue to manage their two famous hotels in the White Mountains, known as the Mount Washington and Mount Pleasant, which are situated at Bretton Woods, N. H., as well as their great Florida one, the Ormond. I predict an immediate, emphatic success for "Bretton Hall," which will be opened about October 1.

The flings indulged at the American team by some of the English papers were to be expected. They don't often, you know, have a chance to fling Americanward, so they welcome with ghoulish glee the occasional chance to poke Cousin Jonathan in the ribs with their umbrellas, and to remind Cousin Jonathan at the same that he is not yet quite the whole thing. The charge was made by the British press that the Americans, to quote an English paper, had "too much side," whatever that means; but I suppose it means conceit, although "side" is not thus defined in the dictionary. Those that know Alexander Winton, Percy Owen and L. P. Mooers know that none of them are conceited. Mooers is certainly self-assertive, but he is not boastful. His rapid rise in the profession probably has rightly given Mooers the right to feel somewhat elated over his success; but he would be one of the last men in the world to put on airs. It is quite true that Mr. Mooers in a little speech at a banquet given the competitors and officials by the Corinthian Club, Dublin, said in a joking way that he had measured the Cup and had ordered a box for it; but Mr. Mooers forgot to provide a diagram to go with his joke for the consumption of the English editors, hence the "side" allegation. I would advise the English editors to enjoy this defeat of the Americans thoroughly, because they may not have another opportunity of doing anything of the kind, since, if we ever do get that Cup over on this side, Heaven alone knows how long it will be before it will go back to Europe. I make this statement advisedly, because from the window where I am dictating this I see two flags, which are being used to illustrate the International Yacht Race, one of the heats of which is being sailed as I write. The Stars and

Stripes is above the Irish harp, which means that the American boat is winning, although thousands—yea, millions like the writer, would like to see so good sportsman as Sir Thomas Lipton rewarded for his plucky efforts. We will get that Gordon Bennett Cup yet—do not fear, and then we will tell the English editors another joke and provide them with line drawings to go with it so they may understand it.

The petty feeling displayed by the aforementioned British editors shows how skin deep is the love of some English for Americans. As to British fair play, well, I had one or two samples of it 15 years ago over there as manager of the American Bicycle Team, and those samples will last me my lifetime. It is, of course, really too bad that when they were defeated the Americans offered any excuse for their having lost, still, their doing so goes to show that fine International feeling which is said to exist between America and England is not all real, that is, if the British people are fittingly represented by their editors, and I think they are in this instance. The only thing I personally can see to regret about the race is that it has undoubtedly damaged automobile commerce abroad for America for the time being.

The Bible says some where or other that the child is the father of the man. That was brought to my mind recently in



Ireland when James Winton, the 14-year-old son of the well-known Alexander Winton, uttered a remark which I, at the time and afterwards,

thought was worthy of mention in these columns. It was during the Gordon Bennett races. We had waited for Mr. Winton to show up, and Charles B. Shanks was far from happy when various reports came along, including one that

Mr. Winton was ditched a few miles out of Athy, where we all were waiting for news of the American contingent. When the direct information that Mr. Winton was ditched reached us, tears stood in the eyes of James, the son, and I invited him to walk down the lane with me to see if we could not get some detailed information about the Americans. I consoled him with the observation that possibly after all, it was not his father who was ditched; I told him it might be that it was Jarrott's accident that had caused the rumor.

We had not gone far when James exclaimed: "Here comes papa! Can't you hear those 8-cylinders popping?" I listened, and sure enough I did hear something popping; but James, with an ear far more acute than mine, quickly observed that they were not popping regularly, and said, "You can't fool me on those 8-cylinders." We walked along and all at once Mr. Winton came around the corner of the road; being in "control" he was going leisurely; but something went wrong with the machine just before it reached where James and I stood. I turned to him and asked, "What is the matter, now?" as Mr. Winton and John Jacks, the chauffeur, got out to examine the machine. James looked at the big vehicle and then at the men for a moment, and then looking me in the eyes exclaimed, "I tell you, Mr. Morgan, this is no time to experiment with 8-cylinders." This precociously wise observation made such a hit with me, that I remarked to Mr. Winton in Dublin, when he was packing up his machine for shipment, that when he wanted to retire from business, there was a boy named James Winton that I thought would take up the running of the factory very nicely; and Mr. Winton laughed heartily when I told him about James' 8-cylinder observation.

At the present time Barney Oldfield is America's premier driver. Those who ridiculed his performances and aspirations a few months ago when on these pages I asked for him fair play for and credit for what he had done, are now presenting him with gold medals. Mr. Oldfield, of course, can be depended upon to drive the Winton faster than it has ever been driven before, but there will be a great deal of curiosity to see if he can get as much speed out of it as he did out of the old Ford 999. It must not be forgotten, however, that there will be other Oldfields driving racing machines in the near future. I know where there is a bunch of these which will come pretty near doing as well at the risk-your-neck-to-get-there game as the great Barney himself. Build the machines, and there won't be any trouble finding the men to drive them. Of course, before Mr. Oldfield becomes a possible candidate for the next Gordon Bennett race, he must be elected a member of the Automobile Club of America, and the question arises if that notable body will follow the precedent set by that other imperial body, the Automobile Club of Germany, which refused to allow the mechanic Werner to become a member and

drive for Germany, preferring to entrust Germany's chances to two Belgians and an American as an alternative.

I am in receipt of a delicate little Oxford blue bordered envelope with an English postage stamp on it. The contents of the envelope informs me that Charles Jarrott has won the greatest prize of his life—a wife. The fact that Mr. Jarrott was a starter in the matrimonial stakes has been kept such a secret by the universally popular English automobilist that few of his friends knew there was one pair of eyes—pretty ones at that—anxiously watching for Charles Jarrott to flash past the grand stand, where the fair owner of the eyes sat during the memorable Gordon Bennett race. Some people said it was Mr. Jarrott's sister who was so intensely interested and so anxious to learn something about the mishap and its consequences to Mr. Jarrott during that fateful day on the Irish course. Quite true there was a Miss Jarrott there, for I had the pleasure of meeting her; but there was also Violet, the charming young Countess of Roslyn, who was a few weeks later to become Mrs. Charles Jarrott. So you can now understand the anxiety of the owner of those pretty eyes; also, why Baron de Caters gallantly sacrificed his chances in the race by stopping and inquiring of the wounded Jarrott (like the good Samaritan that he was), and then again his slowing-up at Ballyshannon so he might inform the fair and anxious one that Charles Jarrott was not badly injured. A letter from Mr. Jarrott is following me around the country and I believe when it finally catches up with me that I will find it contains information as to whether we will see Mr. Jarrott this side of the water this year or not.

Mr. Jarrott told me an amusing story about the accident which put him out of the race, and almost out of the world as well. It seems that when the machine turned over with him during the race Mr. Jarrott was knocked senseless. Bianchi, his assistant, was pinned under the machine, with the almost red-hot exhaust pipe across his body, with the very natural result that he was far from being comfortable. The danger of his assistant aroused Jarrott who, despite his own condition, and while only half conscious, he asked: "Are you hurt, Bianchi?" To the inquiry a more or less squeaky reply came from Bianchi to the effect that he was afraid he was in danger of being burned to death, to obviate which danger he wanted the machine to be removed from its resting place on his chest.

Bianchi said he was also afraid that the gasoline tank would catch afire, but Jarrott assured him that from where he lay he could see that the tank was intact and no danger was to be feared from it. The bystanders, including natives and a couple of Irish police constables, seemed quite incapable of responding to Jarrott's pleas for help and stood transfixed, evidently afraid that the big racing vehicle would blow up. Eventually, however, they plucked up courage and got to work. Although suffering intense pain from a dislocated shoulder and the blow on the chest he had received from the wheel, Jarrott, with the help of the now willing onlookers, released Bianchi, who had by this time fainted from the shock and pain, a condition of forgetfulness in which he was shortly followed by his employer. Before fainting, however, Jarrott was propped up alongside of the road where his bloody and ghastly face aroused the pity of that splendid sportsman, Baron de Caters, of Belgium, when he dashed around, driving a Mercedes. The Baron, even though he was racing, pulled up and wanted to know from Jarrott if he (de Caters) could not assist him in some way or bring him to a doctor on his machine. Such true sportsmanship at once aroused Jarrott and made him alive to the immense sacrifice the Baron was offering to make; whereupon he pleaded with the Baron to go on and win, since he (Jarrott) was all right and only slightly wounded. "Tell them," said Jarrott, "that I am smiling and still in the ring." But it was an awful smile the blood-covered, pain-distorted face was making. As the Baron sped away Jarrott collapsed and when he came to his senses he felt something on his face. The something was a sheet, which had been spread there by kindly hands, and around him were many people on their knees praying for the repose of his soul, the good Irish people thinking he had passed in his checks. Becoming aware of something at his side he turned over with difficulty and there beheld Bianchi, who had been similarly covered up. Jarrott asked, "Are you alive, Bianchi?" and that plucky little chauffeur replied, "I think so, Mr. Jarrott, but where are we?" "Well," said Jarrott, "we are not in the automobile heaven yet, but these good people evidently believed that we were dead and would be soon holding a wake over us if the sound of an automobile horn had not aroused me." "Who tooted that horn, by the way?" asked Jarrott of some official who had made his way to the scene of the accident. "Why, that was Gabriel's horn," replied the official. "Well," said Jarrott, "I guess it is time for us to get up." So it was really a case of the resurrection of Jar-

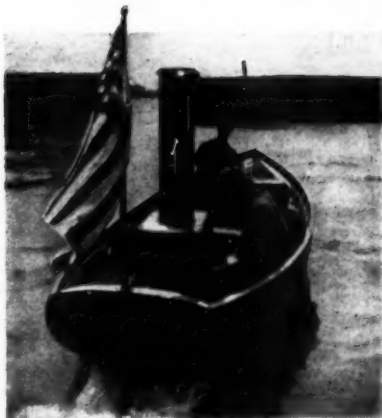
rott by Gabriel's trumpet, the good-natured Frenchman having given a sympathetic toot on his auto horn when he noticed his friend's up-turned car.

Dealing with the racing question, reminds me that we must have a different scheme of classification. The present weight proposition will not do. It was suggested to me recently by H. W. Starin, of the Peerless Motor Car Co., that competing vehicles be classed according to piston displacement and then divided by their weight. This idea finds favor with Mr. A. L. Riker and others, and so far as my knowledge goes it appears to be the only scheme of a practical nature now in sight.

When bicycles first came into use, they were very expensive and were ridden mainly by the very prosperous. Men, and especially women, on bicycles were mocked and even maimed. Vexatious laws were framed to interfere with them. But, thanks to the support of the more prosperous, bicycles soon became cheaper in price. They were used more and more generally. Now they are valuable mainly to the less prosperous among us, to those who ridiculed them but a few years ago. It will happen with the automobiles as it happened with the bicycles, and the fortunes now spent for fine racing and touring cars will ultimately lead to the cheap and efficient vehicle for the man who could not possibly afford to keep a horse and carriage, but who will keep an automobile and run it for a few cents' worth of gasoline.

The advisability of letting your light shine before you was never better illustrated than in the case of the Trans-Continental motor tourists who certainly needed lamps of the very best illuminating power as well as of the most solid construction, since the rough mountain and desert roads were enough to severely try any part of a vehicle or its equipment. A. H. Funke, of New York, has received many congratulations over the fact that it was one of his Autolyte lamps that lighted up the way for the Winton. The Badger Brass Mfg. Co., of Kenosha, Wis., have not failed to share in the praise resulting from across-continent tests, since the Packard people used a Solar headlight in their ocean to ocean run and at no time were lamp troubles any part of those which they experienced.

THE SENATOR.



A Misty Morning

By Jasper Robinson

I HEARD a man say recently, that owning a motor launch was a splendid thing when you had nice sunshiny weather in which to use it, otherwise, he said it was like owning a bob sled with the thermometer jumping around in the nineties.

Of course, the speaker never owned a launch, or if he did, never should have owned one, since the man who is looking for all sunshine in anything in life, wants more than he will ever get, and would only be disappointed if the impossible should happen him, and sunshine and gladness always be his.

To the man who enjoys the controlling and directing of a power boat, it is the infinite variety of scene and incident this affords him, which gives the boat its greatest charm. A man may become so familiar with a road that he can, to use a common expression, "drive over it with his eyes shut." The road, and each and every turn, inequality and beauty of it are fixed qualities which once learned remain practically thereafter ever the same. None of this is true where the boat is concerned. Travel a water route often as you may, and never will you find it the same. Change, variety and novelty are the qualities of water traffic which no method of travel on land can ever hope to even approach.

To return to the remark with which this story began. In fair weather or foul, in sunshine or in storm, the well-built launch, be it as big as a steam yacht or as small as a tender, is a more comfortable, entertaining and satisfactory method of individual transport than any other I know of, and my acquaintance is rather an extensive one in such matters.

Just to illustrate my contention that the launch is not purely a sunshine affair, take an early morning entrance to New York by way of the sound, whether in good weather or in bad, by the clear light of the new risen sun or amid the dim, diffused glories

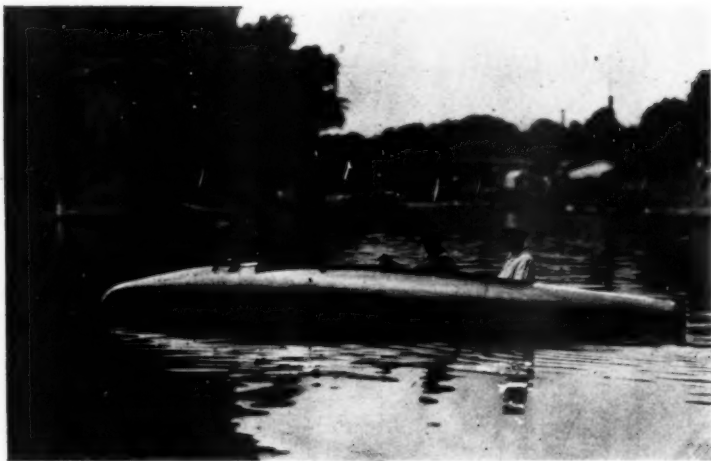
of a foggy sky, and in it you will find a spectacle of infinite charm and interest.

When water and sky are dim with moist air, the launch approaches the city amid a chorus of salutations from other craft, and from the ferry slips ashore. The unruffled waters, softly crinkling into a myriad of tiny mirrors, lie gray and sullen on every hand. Bits of sandy beach gleam here and there on the Long Island shore beneath its frowning ramparts of woodland. Forts and suburban cities on the New York side faintly declare themselves through the haze. The few passing craft are dingy and colorless in sympathy with the neutral tint of sky and water.

Tugs with dripping buffalo heads at the prow and the stern bulwarks close to the water's edge, slip by on business errands of their own. An occasional freight steamer, bound cityward, is overtaken and passed with a courteous exchange of salty whistles. The sleeping yachts at Whitestone gleam ghostlike on the tide. Only the deck swabbers are at work, though perhaps an energetic owner is taking an early dip in salt water.

Nearer town the waters thicken with moving craft. The great buildings on the islands slowly loom out of the distance, resolve themselves into roofs and gables and expressionless windows and then fade again, their inmates undisturbed in their slumbers by the passing vessel. Ferryboats with their earliest crowd of workers float crab-like toward the New York shore. The crowd on the forward deck is a colorless mass, with here and there the white of linen collars accentuating the general dull surface. To the man all alert in his endeavor to guide the launch through all this traffic, these ferryboaters and their business seem alien and far away, and the superficial unpicturesqueness of daily life appears doubly striking.

As the Sound narrows to the East river, the animation afloat and ashore increases. Ten thousand chimneys have begun to pour creosotic odors of breakfast into the morning air, and great stacks are belching tangible blackness into the haze. Masts and spars bristle on either shore, and the ferryboats keep up a perpetual tooting. There is a liquid murmur and swish everywhere, and all the strange craft known to the harbor seem to be passing in review. Buildings ashore are flat as pasteboard, and none is visible save the first row abreast of the water, and here and there a tower or spire further inland.



"LA MARSOUHN," EXTREME FRENCH RACING TYPE, BURNED UP IN
A RECENT CONFEST

First the new bridge, looking in its incompleteness like the wreck of some mighty structure, shows in air-drawn lines overhead. Then the old bridge, serenely beautiful, yet seemingly fragile as a thing spun out of the universal fog, beaded with moving objects, its gray gothic tower, dim and gigantic, spans half the arc of the visible heavens. After that a hazy glimpse of the nothing that lies seaward below the Battery, the delicious damp green of Battery Park, backed by the warm red of brick buildings, a sharp turn into the safe waters of the Battery yacht landing, and at last the sobbing air, the pasty street and the deafening clamor of waterside New York on a foggy morning.

Only a thing for enjoyment in sunshine and fair weather, eh? Does the picture I have endeavored to draw above suggest that motor boating is nothing but that?

Not the Ahoy

"Launch ahoy, what launch is that?" came floating over the waves.

"That man is deceiving us," announced the handsome young woman in a picture paper yachting suit who was temporarily at the launch's wheel. "He says his ship is the Ahoy, and I can see from here that her name is the Mary Ann."



The Launch's Invitation to the Man

Reginald Anderson

Come away from the paint and tinsel
And the odor of stale champagne;
From the light and glitter of Broadway
And the battle and lust for gain.

Come out to the river or bay
And breathe in God's fresh air,
Far from the bustle of Broadway
And the city's burden of care.

Come while the summer is calling,
Where the atmosphere is clean,
Where the sham of the city's forgotten,
Where people say what they mean.

Come out to the sun-lit open
And rest your jaded brain,
Away from the paint and tinsel
And the odor of stale champagne.





For Future Flyers

By James Brady

AMONG those who may eventually be benefited by the experiments now being made by Prof. Langley with a flying machine, are the builders and users of power boats, particularly the smaller examples thereof. Should this transpire, it will seem like a veritable return of bread cast upon the waters, since it was in this country the demonstrating of the efficacy of the marine type of gasoline engine that first made the public a believer in the practicability of the explosive motor, and now after passing through automobile improvement, it goes to the flying machine only to return to the boat, a greatly improved engine.

Professor Langley has announced that the gasoline engines in his flying machine are capable of producing a horse power for every six pounds of their weight. Few persons realize what a triumph for modern mechanics such a result is. It is science out-doing nature.

A horse power is the work which a good average-sized horse can do, hour in and hour out, while doing a day's work. Watt made the experiments and fixed the value of a horse power in order to answer the question often put to him when he was trying to sell the first steam engines. "How many horses will your engine do the work of?" was the question.

Horses were at that time, and for a long time afterward, the chief competitors of the steam engine. They were employed at the shaft pits of mines in working pumps and hoisting out coal and ore. By measuring the work done in this way, Watt found that it was the equivalent of the raising of 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute for each horse power.

This is the equivalent of raising 3,300 pounds 10 feet high in a minute, or of raising 330 pounds 100 feet high in a minute, or of raising 33 pounds 100 feet high in six seconds.

An average horse weighs about 1,200 pounds. If he were to attempt to raise his own weight, he could only succeed at the rate of about twenty-seven feet in a minute. He wouldn't be flying. A man can exert about one-eighth of a horse power, and as his weight is about an eighth of that of a horse, he could do no better flying than the horse.

One of Prof. Langley's gasoline engines can raise its own weight at the rate of nearly 100 feet in a second, or if it were ascending at the rate of ten miles an hour, it would be able to not only carry itself up, but also raise something like fourteen pounds in addition.



MISS LEVITT, WHO FOR WINNING A MOTOR BOAT RACE AT COWES, WAS
PRESENTED TO KING EDWARD

The development of light engines began with the demand for speed in steam vessels. In the older ships the engines alone used to weigh from fifty to eighty pounds to a horse power, and the boilers, water and fuel were all in addition to this. Then by successive stages, these weights were brought down until steam turbines were built which produced a horse power with only one and a half pounds of weight, but these still have to be supplied with power from heavy boilers and massive fuel piles.

It is the internal combustion or explosive engine of the gasoline type, that bids fair to solve the flying machine problem. If Prof. Langley's claims are correct, these cannot only be built to produce a horse power with a total weight of less than five or six pounds of material, but they can be run with a few spoonfuls of gasoline, where the best steam engine consumes at least one and a half pounds of coal an hour for each horse power.

Whatever the result may be, so far as aerial navigation is concerned, there can scarcely be any question upon the effect any such power producing will have upon marine work. Think of a 50 horse power engine weighing but 300 pounds, and then imagine if you can, how the power boaters of the near future are going to defy the wind, tides and currents with motors which will both literally and figuratively be "out of sight"!

Ambition

E. V. R.

For some the cheering of the throng,
For some the pleasures riches bring;
For some proud titles or a nod
Of recognition from the king;
For some sweet fame or grace to stir
The hearts of weary men with song—
For me to just hold hands with Her,
And let the old world drift along.

Up to Him

"The main objection I have to these little tenders like this," commented the young man in the stern sheets, "is that if a fellow tries to kiss a girl in one he is almost sure to upset the blamed thing and land them both in the water."

"Mercy!" shivered the girl, who had been pretending to row from the launch to the club-house float, the better to show off her charming self and stunning costume.

Then, with a confident, if not expectant, air she added:

"I am so glad that I am a good swimmer."

Airy Persiflage on the Sound

The big launch groaned.

But the Giddy Young Thing who was talking to the man at the wheel was a good sailor and didn't mind a bit of rough weather.

"Doesn't it seem unnecessarily cruel, captain," she said, "to box a compass?"

"Not any more so, miss," he replied, grimly, "than to paddle a canoe."

And the launch groaned some more.



"LA LISETTE," FRENCH RACING LAUNCH

Inquiries and Answers

No. 1. (a) What size engine would you recommend for a 25 foot boat with moderately fine lines, and to drive it at a speed of about 8 miles per hour? (b) What bore and stroke should the engine be for a two-cycle, and at what speed should it run? (c) What size screw propeller would be most suitable for this engine? (d) Should the engine be placed near the stern or amidship for the best effect?—K. E. M., New London, Conn.

Ans. (a) If the boat has fairly good lines, as you say, we believe that a 6 H. P. engine would be ample for your purpose. (b) A 6 in. by 6 in. engine with a speed of 400 r. p. m. should give 6 H. P. easy. It would be quite feasible to run an engine of this size at 425 r. p. m. (c) We should recommend a propeller 20 in. in diameter, and about 28 in. to 32 in. pitch. (d) We believe that the best results are obtained by placing the engine in the center of the boat, as it gives a smaller angle to the propeller shaft.

No. 2. (a) In a building a light touring car which I will fit with a detachable tonneau, weight not over 1,600 pounds without passengers, and I would like to ask you the following questions regarding it: (a) What size wheel and tire and what length of wheel base should be employed? (b) What should be the power of the engine? (c) How many cylinders should the engine have? (d) Would a two-cycle engine of the size selected be suitable for the purpose and what should be the bore and stroke of this engine? (e) What should be the bore and stroke of a two-cylindred four-cycle engine for this carriage? (f) Would a two-cycle engine of the horizontal type work satisfactorily, and would this type of engine work well with jump-spark ignition? (g) Could a planetary type of transmission be employed with satisfaction? (h) What should be the ratio of the engine speed to that of the rear axle? —B. E. Y., Indianapolis, Ind.

Ans. (a) Use at least a 30 in. wheel with a 3 in. detachable tire, and about an 80 in. wheel base. (b) We believe that if you

used a 12 H. P. with a normal speed of 800 r. p. m. it would answer for this rig. (c) One for a two-cycle, two for a four-cycle. (d) A properly designed single cylinder two-cycle would give good results. It should have about $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. bore by $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. stroke. (e) We have seen horizontal two-cycle engines give excellent service and work very well with jump-spark ignition. (f) Yes; if you make the design of ample proportions, especially as to the diameter and the size of the friction bands. (g) $1:3\frac{1}{2}$ to $1:4$, according to whether the country is fairly level or hilly.

No. 3. (a) A friend of mine claims that a two-cycle marine engine will not work satisfactorily with a jump-spark igniter. He says that they will not give as much power as with a make-and-brake igniter. Will you please give your opinion on the matter? (b) Do you believe it possible to drive a 40 foot boat at a speed of $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour with an engine rated at 20 H. P.?—K. R. M., Toledo, Ohio.

Ans. (a) Builders of two-cycle engines who formerly employed a make-and-brake igniter have some of them changed to the jump-spark form of ignition and have continued in its use for several years. Thus, it is quite evident that it must give satisfaction or this would not be done. So far as our experience goes we can see little difference if any in the power of the engine provided the spark plug is properly located. (b) We have seen a boat of the dimensions given equipped with a 20 H. P. engine run even faster than the speed you give in your inquiry. In fact we feel it is quite possible that a carefully designed boat with a good engine of this size would run at over 13 miles per hour in still water with no head wind.

No. 4. (a) In the design of a transmission for a touring car with three speeds forward and a reverse, what are the usual ratios employed? (b) What is the ratio of the engine speed to that of the rear axle to the direct drive?—J. R. R., New York, N. Y.

Ans. (a) Intermediate speed $2:1$, high speed $3\frac{1}{2}:1$, reverse $4:1$. (b) Ratio of the rear axle to that of the engine crankshaft $3\frac{1}{2}:1$ or $4:1$ according to the nature of the country in which the machine is to be used and also the power of the engine. As low a ratio as $3:1$ is quite often used.

No. 5. (a) What should be the brake H. P. of a four-cylinder 4 in. by 4 in. engine of the two-cycle type when running at 800 r. p. m., and what should be the power of the same engine at the same speed if of the four-cylinder type? What I want to learn is

the power that can be depended upon and not the extremes that this engine will give.—D. P. M., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Ans. (a) 17 H. P. (b) 13 H. P. With high-class workmanship and a carefully designed engine of either type, 20 per cent. more than that given above could be obtained from the two-cycle and 10 per cent. more from a four-cycle.

No. 6. (a) Kindly state a convenient formula for the approximate calculation of the brake horsepower of a gasolene engine when the bore and stroke and r. p. m. are given.—"Horsepower," Trenton, N. J.

Ans. (a) $\frac{D^2 \times L \times R}{15,600}$ for a four-cycle engine.

$\frac{D^2 \times L \times R}{12,000}$ for a two-cycle engine.

D = Diameter of the cylinder in inches.

L = Length of stroke in inches.

R = r. p. m.

I am preparing to launch an auxiliary yawl, and want to have her christened in right and proper fashion. Now, I have her fair sponsor and the wine all right, but I would like to have you tell me how the custom of having a boat hit in the nose by a bottle of wine wielded by a woman originated?

BAY RIDGE.

Ans. (a) Merely another survival of an ancient custom. In the days of sacrifice to the gods it was customary when a boat was being launched to procure a victim, to cut his throat over the prow, so that his blood baptized the boat and by propitiating the gods brought the craft good luck.

A Paper Launch

A Viennese engineer has constructed a small motor boat made entirely of sheets of an Austrian daily paper. The launch is 15 feet long and 3 feet wide, is decked over forward. The hull, deck and rudder are all of paper. The inventor has made many trips on the Woerth See, in Carinthia, and has proved that his paper boat can proceed rapidly and safely even when the water is rough and the wind high.

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